

# Theodore Dwight

## MUSEUM.

FROM THE RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW.

*Anecdotes of the Life of the Right Hon. William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, and of the principal Events of his Time. With his Speeches in Parliament from the year 1756 to the year 1778. In 3 vols. 8vo. London, 1790.*

THE character of Lord Chatham has been so often (and in many cases so ably) delineated within the last forty years, that some apology may be required for any attempt to throw upon it additional light. Every one knows, that all the political parties who, within that time, have divided the state, though differing in every thing else, have yet been emulous to admire and to quote Lord Chatham: that Burke and Grattan have left to the world sketches of his character, which do equal honour to him and to themselves; and that even the pen of *Junius* has conspired to praise him. Nor is his name heard only in the senate, or familiar only to those who are acquainted with history and politics: the rawest schoolboy—*quisquis adhuc uno partam colit asse minervam*—is taught to recite his speeches: the Walpoles, Winnington, Fox, are annually routed in some baby-senate; and the ghost of Pitt—like that of the unfortunate lover in Boecacio and Dryden—gains a periodical revenge upon those who formerly insulted and opposed him.

We are far indeed from insinuating, that the name of Chatham is one which Englishmen have without reason delighted to honour. On the contrary, we conscientiously and gladly acquiesce in that unanimous verdict, which all writers and all orators, since his death, have agreed to pass upon his fame. And it is only because certain works, which, though very recently published, were yet written in Lord Chatham's life-time, have had an unquestionable tendency to lower that opinion of his patriotism, which has ever since his death been general in this country, that we solicit the attention of our readers to some observations upon so trite a subject. It will be understood, of course, that the works to which we allude, are the posthumous publications of Horace Walpole and Lord Waldegrave.

This is hardly the place to inquire how far the strictures of Horace Walpole would have been deserving of any serious notice, had they not been confirmed, in some material points, by the far more trustworthy account of his noble contemporary. That he has calumniated almost every man whose name he mentions, is more than probable; that he should have misunderstood the character of Lord Chatham cannot appear strange to those who know any thing of his own. It surely was not for a man like Horace Walpole—a man of petty notions, of narrow views, and of very

slender charity, to understand a character like that of the elder Pitt: as well might the ant attempt to judge of the symmetry of the elephant. Still less, however, was it likely, *à priori*, that if Walpole had, by possibility, understood such a man, he would have praised him. The stern and haughty virtue of Chatham, his austere patriotism, and that lofty decision of character, so regardless of all the forms of etiquette, and so hostile to every thing like political intrigue, were ill calculated to conciliate praise from the meddling, polished, timid, lady-like Walpole. Moreover, when it is considered that the power of the historian's own father was incessantly attacked, and at length overturned, by a parliamentary phalanx of which Mr. Pitt was a most conspicuous member, we shall be able to understand why the memory of that statesman is persecuted by a writer, who seems never to have forgiven an insult upon himself or his family.

If, therefore, the character of Lord Chatham had been attacked by no one more deserving of credit than Horace Walpole, we should have felt it quite unnecessary to say one single word in his vindication. But it must be acknowledged, that the charges which have been brought against him, rest upon authority much higher and stronger. They are adopted by Lord Waldegrave,—a man, whose writings, brief as they are, seem to account most satisfactorily for the respect with which he was treated by all his contemporaries. Of plain but strong sense, of calm and clear judgment, of considerable penetration, and a candour the most remarkable,—we cannot but feel that the censures of such a man are not to be passed over lightly. We believe, however, that his opinion of Lord Chatham was unjust; and we shall trouble our readers with some of the reasons which induce us to think so.

In order to do this, it will be necessary to advert to some of the leading facts of Mr. Pitt's history. He entered parliament in the year 1735, a period at which the power of Sir Robert Walpole was at its highest. At that period, however, the Opposition, which had been long agitated by conflicting interests, and occupied in the pursuit of the most inconsistent views, began to form themselves into that compact and resolute body, which finally accomplished the minister's overthrow. Losing sight for a time of all differences among themselves, they directed their united energies against the power of Walpole; the most rancorous Jacobites, and the sternest of the Whigs—the narrowest bigots in politics, and the most romantic freethinkers—those who ascribed to the crown all power, and those who grudged it any—united against the minister, and vowed his destruction. Their joint efforts were at length successful; and that “greatest, wisest, meanest” of statesmen, was driven from the power, which, by dint of consummate ability and much corruption, he had held for upwards of five-and-twenty years.

And when the minister fell, what became of his opponents? Why, their fall was, if possible, still greater. Within one short

month, Pulteney, their leader, from being the idol of the nation, became one of the most insignificant men in the country. Instead of union and confidence among those who had lately acted in so much harmony, nothing was to be seen but dissention and distrust. Mutual and incessant recriminations were heard on all sides; broken promises, forgotten pledges, deserted principles, formed the burden of every man's complaint. The discordant ingredients of which the late opposition had been compounded, became once more individualized; the black spirits and white, red spirits and grey, resumed their own colours, and fell asunder from the union in which they had been so long blended. By and bye, however, in the universal scramble for places, all party distinctions, founded upon principle, were again lost sight of; not that parties, both numerous and bitter, no longer divided the state, but they were formed not so much from any similarity of principle, or any unity of purpose, as from accident and passion. Indeed, it would be difficult to name a period, at which all parties seem to have been actuated by motives so little, to have engaged in intrigues so mean, to have been divided by distinctions so petty, narrow, and personal, and so totally independent of every thing like principle or patriotism. Up to the year 1756, with little intermission, this political ferment appears to have continued; for though the Pelham administration lasted eight years, and seems to have been as strong, so far as the obtaining of majorities in parliament goes, as any administration that ever existed in England, yet it was discordant in itself, and appears to have owed much of its security to the more bitter dissensions which divided the opposition.

Such, then, having been the state of the political world at the time when Horace Walpole and Lord Waldegrave made their respective observations, we think it not unfair to suppose, that they may have been mistaken in their estimate of Mr. Pitt's conduct. Would it be candid to attach great importance to censures made in times of universal suspicion; proceeding, no doubt, upon partial knowledge and prejudiced observation; coming too from men, to each of whom Mr. Pitt must have been an object of personal and political dislike?\* In such times of rapid change and universal confusion, a man might be branded with a charge of apostacy, not because he had left his friends, but because they had left him. "He that is giddy, thinks the world turns round."

We do not, however, intend to say, that some traces of inconsistency may not be discovered in Mr. Pitt's conduct, even by the most unprejudiced observer. But we think they may be accounted for, without any imputation whatever upon his good faith and patriotism. Some of them, we doubt not, are attributable to his having acted, during the earlier years of his public life, under the banners of a party. To that party he originally attached himself from the most conscientious and honourable motives, and, as it

\* He was a determined opponent of the administrations both of Sir R. Walpole and of Lord Waldegrave.

speedily appeared, in direct opposition to his own personal interest; for the minister, resenting his hostility, stripped him of his commission in the army. It is impossible, therefore, to doubt that he *began* his public career in sincerity and disinterestedness; for no one can believe, that talents like Mr. Pitt's, if they were ever marketable, would not have been immediately bought up by the minister, who happened, at the very time when they were first developed, to be in peculiar want of efficient assistance. But it cannot be denied, that there was something of vacillation in the conduct of that party with which Mr. Pitt originally connected himself. Before, however, we can agree to blame him for participating in their inconsistency, we ought to consider, with attention and candour, the situation of every person who honestly annexes himself to any political party. What is the nature of the compact into which men enter, when they agree to act together in politics? It is, that, holding certain elementary and fundamental principles in common, they shall earnestly endeavour to give effect to those principles, by co-operating with each other; that, for this great and leading purpose, each individual shall be prepared to surrender to the majority, his own views on matters of inferior importance, for the sake of preserving that harmony, without which, in assemblies like a British parliament, it is impossible to secure to any principles even a chance of ascendancy; and that, for the further advancement of this purpose, certain discretionary powers should be given to those, whom general consent designates as the leaders of the party. Without entering for a moment upon the debatable ground of Reform, or no Reform, (with which we have, professedly, in this publication, nothing at all to do) there can be little doubt, that, in an English House of Commons, as it is now constituted, and as it was constituted in the days of Mr. Pitt, no important results can attend any efforts but those of a party. The administration of the day—be it Whig or be it Tory—is sure to have a very formidable body of parliamentary supporters, whose exertions are rendered both zealous and consistent by the operation of very obvious motives; and it would be manifestly impossible for an opposition to give effect to the great principles which they hold in common, by any thing but a corresponding unanimity and earnestness on their part. Very nice questions, no doubt, arise now and then, as to the extent to which this allegiance to party is to be considered as binding; and a man may sometimes be called upon to inquire, under circumstances which render the inquiry very difficult, whether the general good consequence of adhering to his party, will or will not counterbalance the particular evil consequence of surrendering his individual conviction. Upon such questions the most dissonant opinions may be held by the most patriotic and conscientious men; and we do believe that this diversity of opinion, is one (if not the principal) cause of that suspicion under which every public man in this country is nearly sure, at some period of his life, to labour. We are convinced that



this was the great cause of all those attacks, which, in the early part of Mr. Pitt's life, were made upon the consistency of his public character. He had attached himself to the party headed by Lord Cobham; that party adopted some unpopular measures, in which Mr. Pitt joined:—might he not have joined in them, because he thought they involved no sacrifice of important principle, and because he was unwilling to weaken the bonds of an union, which he deemed a patriotic and honourable one? Again, that party adopted some popular measures, in which Mr. Pitt differed from them: might he not have differed, because he conscientiously believed that patriotism and truth demanded a public dissent? In short, might he not, in both cases, be acting an honourable, and even a consistent part?

And the true way of deciding this question is, by examining the context of his whole public life. When a statesman, or a private individual, adopts a measure which admits of two constructions,—a measure which, regarded in one point of view, may be considered as indicating an honourable motive, and, seen in another, may be evidence of a bad one,—we determine our opinion from the analogy furnished by the rest of his conduct. To a test like this, we cheerfully submit the few doubtful acts of Lord Chatham; and we feel convinced, that no candid man will interpret them against him, so long as we can refer to the remainder of his history. If it should be found, as we believe it will, by any one who examines the public life of this great statesman with ordinary attention and candour, that he sought, on all occasions, the honour of his country and her true interests; that with this noble purpose, he braved all opposition and resisted all allurements; that neither the bleak winds of unpopularity, nor the sun of royal favour, could make him throw aside that mantle of integrity with which he had invested himself; that, in times of almost universal corruption, he held on in the paths of consistency and honour, “faithful found among the faithless;” and that his life, though, during its progress, he had been often misunderstood and misrepresented, closed at last amidst the loud and zealous praises of every public man in the country;—if, we say, these things should be found to be true, then we apprehend that a clue is found, which will guide us among all the seeming difficulties and anomalies that may perplex our observations.

Most of our readers, no doubt, remember Lord Oldborough, in Miss Edgeworth's *Patronage*. We have heard it surmised that the author had Lord Chatham in her eye when that character was sketched. No doubt there are many points of resemblance between the real and the fictitious statesman. There are, however, several important points of difference; and we recollect one sentiment put by Miss Edgeworth into the mouth of Lord Oldborough, which Lord Chatham, had he consulted his own quiet, would have done well to adopt. “Never,” says the statesman in the novel, “never acknowledge an error—it is enough if you repair it,” Uti-

luckily for himself, Mr. Pitt was deficient in this species of prudence; for he sometimes laid himself open to the charge of inconsistency, and even of weakness, by the candour with which he acknowledged any political error of which he might have been guilty. To such a man as Horace Walpole, a candour so incomprehensible must have appeared to be the grossest folly, or even something worse; and accordingly we find, that he speaks of it in the following terms.

"Pitt was undoubtedly one of the greatest masters of ornamental eloquence. His language was amazingly fine and flowing; his voice admirable; his action most expressive; his figure genteel and commanding. Bitter satire was his forte; when he attempted ridicule, which was very seldom, he succeeded happily; when he attempted to reason, poorly. But where he chiefly shone was in exposing his own conduct; having waded through the most notorious apostacy in politics, he treated it with an impudent confidence, that made all reflections upon him poor and spiritless, when worded by any other man."—*Memoires*, i. 79.

We introduce this passage for two reasons: first, that we may appeal to our readers whether such a degree of frankness in Lord Chatham was not likely to expose him to misrepresentations, similar to that of which Horace Walpole has been guilty; and secondly, that we may ask whether it does not call for the praises, rather than the censures, of every unprejudiced man?

We think, that the considerations already urged are calculated to make us view with some distrust any censures which may have been thrown upon Lord Chatham by his political contemporaries. It will be observed, that we are compelled to confine ourselves solely to general observations; since the limits of a single article are obviously too narrow to permit any detailed or minute examination of a public life, so busy and so long. General observations, we are aware, can hardly ever produce conviction; but they may lead to it. They may furnish us with a rule by which our judgments should be guided in the examination of any doubtful question; they may guard us against error; they may indicate, though faintly, the path of candour and of reason, and may thus bring us, at last, to a rational and satisfactory result. When a reader enters upon such a work as that of Lord Waldegrave, he is in imminent danger of adopting most of the opinions of a writer so obviously sensible and candid; he is likely to repose with peculiar confidence upon every account, which an author, so qualified, may give of those, of whom he must have seen, and heard, and known a great deal. Surely it cannot be superfluous to inform such a reader, that Lord Waldegrave, rational and candid as he was, nevertheless wrote in times of universal distrust; that he was himself a fallen minister; that many of those whose characters he has sketched (Lord Chatham among the rest) were violently opposed to his administration; and that with Lord Chatham he never seems to have had such a degree of intimate acquaintance, as could unfold to him that statesman's real character.

If it were necessary to assign any other reasons for examining with caution those sketches of Mr. Pitt, which have been left us

by his political contemporaries and rivals, we might find them in the austerity (and perhaps harshness) of his public demeanour. That decision of character, which so eminently belonged to him, assumed, not unfrequently, an appearance of severity and dogmatism, which must have offended, in nearly equal degree, his opponents and his own partisans. His was the very character which has been so admirably depicted by a most nervous writer of the present day:

"A decisive man is in danger of extending but little tolerance to the prejudices, hesitation, and timidity, of those with whom he has to act. If full scope be allowed to this tendency, it will make even a man of elevated virtue a tyrant, who, in the consciousness of the right intention, and the assurance of the wise contrivance of his designs, will hold himself justified in being regardless of every thing but the accomplishment of them. He will forget all respect for the feelings and liberties of beings who are to be regarded as but a subordinate machinery, to be actuated or to be thrown aside when not actuated, by the spring of his commanding spirit."—*Foster's Essays*.

In speaking of his political opponents, he frequently assumed the language of mingled scorn and detestation, with a manner so authoritative and bitter, as would not have been tolerated for a moment in any man but himself. Nor was his conduct towards those with whom he acted in politics—especially towards his colleagues, when he was in office—conciliatory, or even respectful. Many instances of this impolitic severity of character are given in the volumes before us: we shall select two.

"The rule or custom is, the secretary of state sends all the orders respecting the navy, which have been agreed to in the cabinet, to the Admiralty, and the secretary to the board writes these orders again, in the form of instructions, from the Admiralty to the admiral or captain of the fleet, expedition, &c. for whom they are designed; which instructions must be signed by three of the board. But during Mr. Pitt's administration, he wrote the instructions himself, and sent them to their lordships to be signed; *always ordering his secretary to put a sheet of white paper over the writing*. Thus they were left in perfect ignorance of what they signed; and the secretary and clerks of the board were all in the same state of exclusion."—I. 229.

On another occasion we find, that he contents himself with giving a bare opinion in the cabinet, and then threatens to resign if his colleagues refuse to adopt it. It will be observed, that he does not favour them with a single reason.

"When the fleet returned from Rochefort, a puerile scheme was proposed by those whose impolitic measures had given birth to the Baltic alliance against us, to send the fleet to the assistance of the Duke of Cumberland, who was flying before the French in Hanover. Mr. Pitt alone resisted the proposal; upon which the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Hardwicke, who had pressed it, gave it up. Mr. Pitt had not a thorough confidence in his coadjutors, and therefore he did not always assign his reasons for his opinion. On this occasion, he only said, that the assistance of a naval armament in the north had been frustrated; and therefore the scene, as well as the instrument of war, must be changed, before any hopes of success could be entertained; but if a contrary opinion prevailed, he would lay the seals at his majesty's feet, and retire from his situation. *The cabinet ministers from this time resigned their judgment*; in which they were influenced by two motives: one was, a dread of his superior abilities, which threw their minor talents into the shade; the other was, an expectation, that by permitting him to indulge in the

exercise of his own opinions, he would precipitate his own exclusion from power, by drawing upon himself some capital disgrace."—I. 241.

This method of guiding a cabinet—so imperious, as even to remind one of the manner in which a point was carried by the Prince d'Anhalt-aux-Moustaches\*—was not unfrequently practised by Lord Chatham. And we may ask, whether every tittle of praise, which might be given to such a man in his lifetime, by those who had come into contact with him in almost any way, must not have been either involuntary or insidious? On the other hand, could he fail to incur, whether he deserved them or not, hostility the most rancorous, and censures the most unmeasured?

We lament, in common with all who can deplore the errors of a great and virtuous character, that Lord Chatham should have been deficient in even one of the requisites to a minister's success—we mean, some degree of complaisance to the feelings of others. Every other requisite he possessed in the highest perfection; for the history of his administration, from the year 1756 to 1761, will abundantly show how eminently qualified he was to promote the honour and interests of his country. So much as the energies of a single individual could effect, certainly was effected. But it is undeniable, that the austerity and hauteur which characterized the minister, were considerably prejudicial to the country, inasmuch as they not only precluded any association of other men's talents, but also accelerated his own fall from power. Our last extract may show the very natural discontents which prevailed in Mr. Pitt's cabinet of 1757; and the following passage will serve to indicate some of the difficulties in which the same failing involved him at a subsequent period.

"Before Lord Chatham had finally settled his arrangements, he made several offers to different persons of great weight and consideration, with a view of strengthening his ministry, and of detaching them from their friends. But that superiority of mind, which had denied him the usual habits of intercourse with the world, gave an air of austerity to his manners, and precluded the policy of a convenient condescension to the minutiae of politeness and fascinating powers of address. He made offers to Lord Scarborough, Mr. Dowdeswell, and several others, but in such terms of hauteur, as seemed to provoke, though unintentionally, the necessity of refusal.† They were all rejected. He then waited upon Lord Rockingham, at his house in Grosvenor Square; but Lord Rockingham, who was at

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\* "The king (of Prussia) appointed a council of war, composed of a certain number of generals, under the presidency of the Prince d'Anhalt-Dessau, known by the name of *d'Anhalt-aux-Moustaches* (d'Anhalt with the Mustachios). Frederick was tried at this tribunal; and when sentence was about to be passed, the president, with his formidable mustachios, rose and declared, that on his honour and conscience, he, for his part, perceived no cause for passing sentence of death on the accused prince, and that none among them had a right to pass such a sentence; then drawing his sword, he swore he would cut off the ears of any man who should differ from him in opinion. In this manner he collected the suffrages, and the prince was unanimously acquitted."—*Thiebault's Anecdotes of Frederick II. King of Prussia*, vol. i. p. 107.

† To the first, an abrupt message was sent, "that he might have an office if he would." To the second, "that such an office was still vacant." To a third, "that he must take such an office or none."—*Note by the author.*

home, refused to see him. These circumstances chagrined him considerably. He now found, for the first time in his life, that splendid talents alone were not sufficient to support the highest situations."—II. 31.

At the time referred to in this passage, Lord Chatham was forming that administration which was characterized, above all others that have ever existed in this country, by the inconsistency of its principles, and the consequent imbecility of its conduct. It was this administration which Burke has immortalized, in spite of itself, by his famous description; "an administration, so checkered and speckled; a piece of joinery, so crossly indented and whimsically dovetailed; a cabinet, so variously inlaid; such a piece of diversified mosaic; such a tessellated pavement without cement, here a bit of black stone and there a bit of white; patriots and courtiers; king's friends and republicans; whigs and tories; treacherous friends and open enemies; that it was indeed a very curious show; but utterly unsafe to touch, and unsure to stand on."\*

Many, however, as were the inconveniences both to the country and to Lord Chatham himself, which were produced by his impracticable decision of character, we cannot help admiring the great and beneficial results which generally flowed from it. Decision of character, indeed, is a virtue which, above all others, commands the veneration of those who only witness its effects; though it is almost equally sure to excite the dislike, and even hatred, of those who are either its agents or its coadjutors. It is the very foremost of that class of severe and restrictive virtues, which—to borrow another expression from Burke—are at a market almost too high for humanity. So bitter is the reproach which a man of great decision almost tacitly casts upon the weakness and irresolution of those with whom he acts; so intolerable the contempt which he makes them feel for themselves; that he is nearly certain to provoke hostility, both open and concealed. It is difficult to say, what might not be done by the energies of a single powerful, collected, and daring mind, but for the clog which other men's jealousies are sure to fix upon its exertions. Such, however, is the lot of our nature, and in such a way do we act upon one another, for evil as well as for good, that when a man seems likely far to outstrip his species in any manner, he must count upon opposition from without, though all his own powers may be full of consistency and vigour.

The boldness and rapidity of Mr. Pitt's measures have never been surpassed. Active and unwearied in collecting all the information which could throw light upon the objects of his designs; sagacious in exploring both the difficulties of every enterprise, and the manner in which they might be removed or conquered; firm in his decisions; instant in their execution; he made the resources of his country and the powers of her minister felt throughout the world. During the last four years of George II. and the first year of his successor, England assumed an attitude more commanding

\* Speech on American Taxation, A. D. 1774.



than any in which she had formerly stood; not even during the protectorate of the mighty usurper, nor in the most "high and palmy" days of Marlborough, had her strength been so extensively felt, so tremblingly acknowledged. It was, indeed, a splendid sight to behold a single man—surrounded by treacherous friends and open enemies—extorting for his country a tribute of involuntary homage from every quarter of the globe.

In the work now before us, we find many anecdotes illustrative of the qualities which commanded this extraordinary success. We shall extract two of the shortest.

"A fleet and an army were assembled. The destination was kept a profound secret. Sir Edward Hawke was commander of the fleet, and Mr. Pitt corresponded with him. It is not a little remarkable, that when Mr. Pitt ordered the fleet to be equipped, and appointed the period for its being at the place of rendezvous, Lord Anson (then first lord of the admiralty) said, it was impossible to comply with the order; the ships could not be got ready in the time limited; and he wanted to know where they were going, in order to victual them accordingly. Mr. Pitt replied, that if the ships were not ready at the time required, he would lay the matter before the king, and impeach his lordship in the house of commons. This spirited menace produced the men of war and transports all ready, in perfect compliance with the order."—I. 231.

"Parliament had been appointed to meet on the 15th of November. Intelligence of the King of Prussia's great victory at Rosbach, over the French and Germans, arrived at St. James's on the 9th. The moment the despatches were read, the minister resolved to prorogue the parliament for a fortnight, notwithstanding every preparation had been made for opening the session on the 15th. The reason of this sudden prorogation was, to give time to concert a new plan of operations, and to write another speech for the king. Whether there was any precedent for this extraordinary step was not in the contemplation of the minister. In taking a resolution that involved concerns of the greatest magnitude, he was not to be influenced by precedents."—I. 243.

And with respect to the successes themselves, we shall content ourselves with the testimony of Horace Walpole. Our readers will readily believe, that such a witness is not very likely to exaggerate them. Moreover, the following extract will show in what manner the opponents of Lord Chatham contrived to qualify their reluctant praises.

"Mr. Pitt, on entering into office, had found the nation at the lowest ebb, in point of power and reputation. His predecessors, now his coadjutors, wanted genius, spirit, and system. The fleet had many able officers; but the army, since the resignation of the Duke of Cumberland, had lost sight of discipline, and was destitute of generals in whom either the nation or the soldiery had any confidence. France, who meant to be feared, was feared heartily; and the heavy debt of the nation, which was above fourscore millions, served as an excuse to those who understood nothing but little temporary expedients, to preach up our impossibility of making an effectual stand. They were willing to trust that France would be so good as to ruin us by inches. Pitt had roused us from this ignoble lethargy. He had asserted, that our resources were still prodigious; he found them so; and the intrepidity of our troops and navies; but he went farther, and perhaps too far. He staked our revenues with as little management as he played with the lives of the subjects, as if we could never have another war to wage, and as if he meant (which was impracticable) that his administration should decide which alone should exist as a nation, Britain or France. He lavished the last treasures\* of this country

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\* Last treasures! Our national debt is now ten times as great, and we are not bankrupts yet.

with a prodigality beyond example and beyond excuse. Yet even that profusion was not so blameable as his negligence. Ignorant of the whole circle of finance, and constantly averse from corresponding with financiers, a plain sort of men, who are never to be paid with words instead of figures, he kept aloof from all details, drew magnificent plans, and left others to find the magnificent means. Disdaining, too, to enter into the operations of an office which he did not fill, he affected to throw on the treasury the execution of measures which he dictated, but for which he thus held himself not responsible. This conduct was artful, new, and grand, and to him proved most advantageous. Secluded from all eyes, his orders were received as oracles, and their success of consequence was imputed to his inspiration. Misfortunes and miscarriages fell to the lot of the mere human agents. Corruption and waste were charged on the subordinate priests. \* \* \* The admirers of Mr. Pitt extol the reverberation he gave to our counsels, the despondence he banished, the spirit he infused, the conquests he made, the security he afforded to our trade and plantations, the humiliation of France, the glory of Britain carried under his administration to a pitch at which it never had arrived. *And all this is exactly true.* When they add, that all this could not be purchased too dearly, and that there was no option between this conduct and tame submission to the yoke of France; even this is just in a degree; but a material objection still remains, not depreciating a grain from this bill of merits, which must be gratefully acknowledged by whoever calls himself Englishman, yet very derogatory from Mr. Pitt's character, as virtually trusted with the revenues, the property of his country. A few plain words will explain my meaning. All this was done, but might have been done for many millions less.—Posterity thus see an impartial picture. I am neither dazzled by the blaze of the times in which I have lived, nor, if there are spots in the sun, do I deny that I see them. It is a man I am describing, and one whose greatness will bear to have his blemishes fairly delivered.”—*Walpole's Memoires*, ii. 346-349.

Some of the censures which Horace Walpole has here mixed up with his praises, will remind our readers of the objections with which, about fifty years before, the Marlborough administration had been assailed by the faction of Harley and St. John. Whoever reads *Swift's History of the last years of Queen Anne* will find, that at that time England had nearly ruined herself by the exuberance of her successes, and that she was then expending her last—her very last—treasures. Indeed, there is another point of resemblance between the two cases; the Marlborough administration and that of Mr. Pitt were both checked in their courses of disastrous success, and timely remedies found in the substitution of men, who restored their country by copious draughts of calamity and disgrace.

We must refer our readers to this work itself for a minute account of the different measures adopted by Lord Chatham while minister. Our business is merely to sketch an outline, which we have neither time nor space to fill up. There is, however, one measure of his administration to which we must particularly allude; we mean, the recruiting for the British army in the Highlands of Scotland. Up to this time, the Highlands had been governed with a rod of iron. The successive administrations which had existed since the accession of George I. had agreed in one hostile and arbitrary policy towards the north of Scotland; the later ministries differing from the earlier only in the increased measure of their severities. Terror was the only specific in their pharmacy; and that failed. Lord Chatham, on the contrary, determined, on his very entrance into office, to abate the rebellious spirit of the high-

landers by methods of conciliation. Instead of cautiously shutting them out from all participation in the duties and privileges of their fellow-subjects; instead of continuing to tell the highlander that he had and always would have the spirit of disaffection, and that he must therefore be watched with never-sleeping jealousy, fettered with endless restrictions, and terrified into a love for his legitimate sovereign,—Lord Chatham boldly threw the defence of the country upon him, gave him rights to maintain, and taught him to identify his objects, his hopes, and his prejudices, with those of his fellow-countrymen. A more decisive and more successful policy was never adopted. From that period, the highlanders have been regarded as the very flower of the British army; and we believe, that the success of the last great battle, in which the troops of this country were engaged, is in no small degree attributable to the descendants of those who, before the time of Lord Chatham, were branded with the stigma of hopeless and eternal disaffection.

Great, however, as we seriously believe Lord Chatham's merits, as a minister, to have been, we turn with still higher pleasure to his efforts as a leader of opposition. He was, indeed and emphatically, the man of the people. He was their constant, sincere, and most able advocate—their warm and zealous friend; ready to ward off any danger which might threaten their true interests, whether proceeding from ministerial encroachment, or their own imprudence. And never, certainly, were the people of this country in greater need of such a friend than during the first ten years of George the Third. Administration succeeded to administration with a rapidity quite unparalleled; each heterogeneous, discordant, and weak; all the alternate tools and victims of a single favourite's caprice. Lord Bute—whose influence was the curse of Britain for so many years—precipitated the court into many acts, so arbitrary and wilful, as to exasperate the country almost into rebellion. On the other hand, there were not wanting public writers to take advantage of the popular discontents, and to point out the most unconstitutional means of redress. Smollett, Mallett, Francis, Home, Murphy, Mauduit, on one side, and the North Briton and Junius on the other, dealt largely in language the most gross and inflammatory; the former seeking to goad the ministers into absolute despotism, the latter aiming to subvert the very foundations of the monarchy. At such a time, Lord Chatham stood forward to repress the violence of both parties; and while he vindicated the rights of the people in language the boldest and most eloquent, and with a zeal and manner to which (as contemporary writers tell us) no description could do justice, he rebuked the revolutionary spirit, and rescued multitudes from its unholy domination.

The very austerity which partly disqualified him for a minister, rendered his efforts, as the people's advocate, only more impressive and successful. Corruption, impudent as it was in those days, not unfrequently trembled before him. He kept apostacy and tyranny in seasonable awe. The scoffer at patriotism, the derider of human

rights, the ignorant or interested partisan of intolerance, rarely ventured to encounter the thunder and lightning of his indignation.

In opposition, as well as in office, he supported all measures which had a tendency to make his country respected abroad, and happy within herself. Several instances are recorded in these volumes, of his seconding even those who had supplanted him, when their propositions were of such a nature.

He was contented with the constitution as he found it; and though he believed that many abuses had vitiated it, and that some disorders had crept in, which, if not reformed in due season, would bring about its dissolution, he yet resisted every proposal to take away even one of the principles on which it was built. He thought that, so long as the influence of the crown was kept within moderate bounds, so long as justice was administered in purity, so long as the voice of the people could make itself heard in those deliberations which involved their interests, the constitution was a good one, and ought to be affectionately cherished.

He was no innovator: but neither would he submit to innovation upon the country's rights. His loyalty was unblemished—but it comprehended the people as well as the king. He discountenanced every thing like wanton resistance to any public authority; but, at the same time, he believed, with Lord Somers, that the highest authority might act in a way which would justify resistance.

Before we conclude this article, we shall say a few words upon Lord Chatham's eloquence. We have to lament, that not one of his speeches has come down to us without mutilation and disguise. Some of those which are generally regarded as his, were written by Johnson, during the connexion of that author with the *Gentleman's Magazine*; others by Gordon,\* who succeeded Johnson as reporter. Many, of scarcely higher authority, we believe, are to be found in Chandler's and Debrett's Collections of Parliamentary Debates. Unfortunately, in the days of Lord Chatham, reporting was an art which had attained very little of its present comprehensiveness and accuracy; and unless a speaker wrote out his own speech, either before or after delivery, and gave it to the world under his own auspices, he had a very bad chance of being represented with tolerable fairness to posterity. We regret that Lord Chatham never did this; and the consequence is, that though we have many striking passages preserved in the volumes before us, and though Horace Walpole furnishes a few more, we must despair of ever beholding a complete specimen of that eloquence, to

\* How far Gordon's reports are likely to be accurate, may be judged of from the manner in which he obtained them: "His practice was to go to the coffee-houses contiguous to Westminster Hall, where he frequently heard the members conversing with each other upon what had passed in the house; and sometimes he gained admission into the gallery; and as he was known to a few of the gentlemen, two or three of them, upon particular occasions, furnished him with some information."—i. 131.

the great success of which men of all parties have borne the most unqualified testimony.

The specimens, however, which have been preserved, are sufficient to make us understand the praises that have been heaped upon Lord Chatham's oratory; and, perhaps, this is all. For we cannot help thinking, that it is impossible to perceive, in any of them, even a probable resemblance to those wonder-working speeches of which they profess to give us a just notion. True, many limbs of fine orations are scattered up and down these volumes, which, taken separately, are worthy of the highest admiration; but when bound up and knitted together into bodies by the unskilful hands of the compilers, it is not easy to conceive figures more heterogeneous and distorted.

Lord Chatham seems to have been the only eloquent man of his time—at least of the earlier part of it. Sir William Wyndham, indeed, and Lord Bolingbroke, are said to have been clever and impressive declaimers; Sir Robert Walpole, Sir William Yonge, Pulteney, Hume Campbell, Henry Fox, and, above all, Murray, were very able debaters; but Mr. Pitt was the only man who was always and unquestionably the orator. This is expressly acknowledged by Horace Walpole, who had often heard all the eminent speakers of his day. During the few last years of Lord Chatham's life, indeed, there were not wanting in the Lower House of Parliament men of the most splendid oratorical talents; for, in the language of one of those to whom we are alluding—"before this splendid orb was entirely set, and while the western horizon was in a blaze with his descending glory, on the opposite quarter of the heavens arose other luminaries, and for their hour, became lords of the ascendant."

Perhaps no orator ever possessed a more absolute dominion over his audience than Lord Chatham. He owed it, no doubt, to the united influence of his great talents, and of the universal (in many cases, the involuntary) belief in his sincerity. Horace Walpole, who professed to disbelieve in his honesty, gives us some anecdotes of the effect produced by his speeches—some of them of such a nature, as to make us doubt whether Walpole himself could attribute effects so striking to any merits purely oratorical. We shall borrow from his work a single anecdote, which we select, rather because it is the shortest, than because it illustrates our meaning with the greatest clearness:

"1754. Nov. 25. Another petition being in agitation, the house thin and idle, a younger Delaval had spoken pompously and abusively against the petition, and had thrown the house into a laughter on the topics of bribery and corruption. Pitt, who was in the gallery, started, and came down with impetuosity, and with all his former fire said, 'He had asked what occasioned such an uproar: lamented to hear a laugh on such a subject as bribery! Did we try *within* the house to diminish our own dignity, when such attacks were made upon it from *without*? That it was almost lost! That it wanted spirit! That it had long been vanishing! Scarce possible to recover it! That he hoped the Speaker would extend a saving hand to raise it! He only could do it—yet scarce he! He called on all to assist, *or else we should only sit to register the arbitrary edicts of one too powerful a subject!*' This



thunderbolt, thrown in a sky so long serene, confounded the audience. Murray crouched silent and terrified. Legge scarce rose to say, with great humility, 'that he had been raised solely by the Whigs, and if he fell, sooner or later, he should pride himself in nothing but in being a Whig.'—*Memoires*, i. 353.

A good deal, too, of the success which attended his eloquence, was probably attributable to his fine voice and person, and his most expressive and graceful action. In the latter part of his life, his very infirmities became subservient to the purposes of his oratory. It is well known, that he was a perfect martyr to the gout. He would often come to the house from a bed of sickness and pain; and, swathed in bandages, and propped by a crutch, he would make his most eloquent, and by far his most impressive speeches. Horace Walpole gives a striking description of his appearance on one of these occasions; though, as will be seen, he has the hardihood to pretend that the gout was all a fiction. "The weather," he says, "was unseasonably warm, yet he was dressed in an old coat and waistcoat of beaver laced with gold; over that, a red surtout, the right arm lined with fur, and appendant with many black ribbons, to indicate his inability of drawing it over his right arm, which hung in a crape sling, but which, in the warmth of speaking, he drew out with unlucky activity, and brandished as usual. On his legs were riding stockings. In short, no aspiring cardinal ever coughed for the tiara with more specious debility." We need not point out the falsehood of this insinuation; it is as improbable that a man like Lord Chatham should have been guilty of such a piece of quackery, as it is that Horace Walpole should ever have deviated into candour. Moreover, he was unquestionably disabled for years by this disease, and died of it at last.

The great characters of his eloquence seem to have been plainness, boldness, sententiousness, dignity, and strength. His language corresponded with his mind; it was lofty and austere. He was not so fluent a talker as his son: it would never have been said of him, "that he could speak a king's speech off hand." He had all the impetuosity and force which distinguished Fox (Charles Fox we mean) without ever reasoning so accurately, or speaking with so little art. To Burke the resemblance is still more faint; though, in the brevity and point which characterized Lord Chatham, he sometimes reminds us of what may be called the philosophical parts of Burke's great orations. We believe that Demosthenes would have thought him superior to any of the three whose names we have mentioned—even to Fox; Cicero, perhaps, would have ranked him the lowest.

We had intended to lay before our readers several extracts from those speeches which appear to be the best reported; and also to enter into a much fuller examination of their merits. But we have left ourselves no space to do so.

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We have suggested, in the course of this article, some reasons which we thought likely to inspire a seasonable distrust of the

doubts that had been cast upon Lord Chatham's patriotism. But the speeches from which we have now been quoting suggest another reason quite as powerful as any of those already stated. Nobody can fail to perceive how strongly he spoke upon any measure which he disapproved, and with how very little qualification his censures were delivered. That he would necessarily excite the bitterest animosity in the minds of those to whom he stood politically opposed, by the manner and the success with which he held up their conduct to public reprobation, cannot be doubted for a single moment; and we have already adduced some reasons for believing, that the austerity of his character must have inspired his own adherents with occasional disgust. Such, then, being the case, we beg to ask, what is the inevitable inference from the proceedings which took place in parliament immediately after his death, and which are narrated in the following quotation?

"Intelligence of his death being sent to London, Colonel Barre (a principal member of opposition), the moment he heard it, hastened to the House of Commons, who were then sitting, and communicated the melancholy information. Although it was an event, that had, in some measure, been expected for several days, yet the house were affected with the deepest sensibility. Even the adherents of the court joined in the general sorrow, which was apparent in every countenance. The old members indulged a fond remembrance of the energy and melody of his voice; his commanding eye, his graceful action. The new members lamented, they should hear no more the precepts of his experience, nor feel the powers of his eloquence. A deep grief prevailed. The public loss was acknowledged on all sides. Every one bore testimony to the abilities and virtues of the deceased. On this occasion, all appearance of party was extinguished. There was but one sense throughout the house.

"Colonel Barre moved, 'That an humble address be presented to his majesty, requesting that his majesty will be graciously pleased to give directions that the remains of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, be interred at the public expense; and that a monument be erected in the collegiate church of St. Peter, Westminster, to the memory of that great and excellent statesman, and an inscription expressive of the sentiments of the people on so great and irreparable a loss; and to assure his majesty that this house would make good the expense attending the same.'

"While this motion was reading, Lord North (then prime minister) came into the house, and as soon as he was informed of the business, he gave it his most hearty concurrence; lamenting that he had not come in sooner, that he might have had the honour to have made the motion himself.

"The motion was agreed to **UNANIMOUSLY**.

"Lord John Cavendish said, that he hoped the public gratitude would not stop here. As that invaluable man had, whilst in the nation's service, neglected his own affairs, and though he had the greatest opportunity of enriching himself, had never made any provision for his family, he hoped an ample provision would be made for the descendants of so honest and able a minister.

"Lord North coincided warmly in the noble lord's wish; and Lord Nugent, Mr. Fox, Mr. Montagu, Mr. Byng, and several other gentlemen, expressed the most sincere affection for the deceased peer, and pronounced the highest eulogiums on his virtue and talents; adding, that he had neglected his private interests by directing his whole attention to national objects. Mr. T. Townshend, now Lord Sidney, moved, That an humble address be presented to the king, expressing the wishes of the house, that his majesty would confer some signal and lasting mark of his royal favour on the family of the deceased earl, and that whatever bounty he should think proper to bestow, the house would cheerfully make good the same. The motion was agreed to **UNANIMOUSLY**."

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\* As far as we know, a similar tribute of respect has never been paid to any other statesman. A motion to the same effect was made on the death of Mr. W. Pitt in 1806; but the house was by no means unanimous, and a division actually took place.

In concluding this article, we cannot but express our regret, that the life of Lord Chatham has never yet been written by any man qualified to do him justice. The author, of whose volumes we have been speaking, is anonymous; and though his work is creditable to the writer, with the limited means of information which he describes in his preface, it is altogether unworthy of the great subject of his biography. We do sincerely wish that some one who could appreciate Lord Chatham's virtues and talents, and who could, at the same time, dispel the clouds which rest upon the history of his earlier days, would undertake the task of representing this great man in his proper colours to posterity. It would be an honourable, and, we think, a patriotic undertaking. It would be discharging a debt that has been long due; while it held out a brilliant example to stimulate the honest independence and active patriotism of distant generations.

Englishmen owe it to themselves and their children to cherish the memory of such a statesman. It is matter of national importance that his fame should be preserved unsullied. Calumny, whether contemporary or posthumous, should be indignantly discountenanced. It is upon this principle, and because we desire that our readers should examine Lord Chatham's life for themselves, that we have made these few observations, and made them so perfectly general. We presume not to write the panegyric of such a man: it was never our intention to do so. We knew well enough, that that task had been executed already, in a manner so full as to leave nothing deficient,—so perfect as to outstrip all competition. But we did feel a wish to deposit our humble wreath upon this altar: and we beg that the ardour of our devotion may not be measured by the value of the offering.

“Recorded honours (said *Junius*, long ago,) shall gather round his monument, and thicken over him. It is a solid fabric, and will support the laurels that adorn it.”

#### THE ROSES.

*Translated from the Dutch of Bilderdijk.*

I saw them once blowing  
 Whilst morning was glowing,  
 But now are their wither'd leaves strew'd o'er the ground,  
 For tempests to play on,  
 For cold worms to prey on,  
 The shame of the garden that triumphs around.

Their buds which then flourish'd,  
 With dew-drops were nourish'd,  
 Which turn'd into pearls as they fell from on high;  
 Their hues are now banish'd,  
 Their fragrance all vanish'd,  
 Ere evening a shadow has cast from the sky.

I saw, too, whole races  
 Of glories and graces

*Moral Effects of Revolutions.*

Thus open and blossom, but quickly decay:  
 And smiling and gladness  
 In sorrow and sadness,  
 Ere life reach'd its twilight, fade dimly away.

Joy's light-hearted dances  
 And Melody's glances  
 Are rays of a moment—are dying when born:  
 And Pleasure's best dower  
 Is nought but a flower,  
 A vanishing dew-drop—a gem of the morn.

The bright eye is clouded,  
 Its brilliancy shrouded,  
 Our strength disappears—we are helpless and lone:  
 No reason avails us,  
 And intellect fails us,  
 Life's spirit is wasted, and darkness comes on.

[*London Mag.*]**MORAL EFFECTS OF REVOLUTIONS.**

IN revolutionary times, as where a civil war prevails in a country, men are much worse, as moral beings, than in quiet and untroubled states of peace. So much is matter of history. The English under Charles II. after twenty years' agitation and civil tumults; the Romans after Sylla and Marius, and the still more bloody proscriptions of the triumvirates; the French, after the wars of the league and the storms of the revolution,—were much changed for the worse, and exhibited strange relaxations of the moral principle. But why? What is the philosophy of the case? Some will think it sufficiently explained by the necessity of witnessing so much bloodshed—the hearths and the very graves of their fathers polluted by the slaughter of their countrymen—the “acharnement” which characterizes civil contests (as always the quarrels of friends are the fiercest)—and the license of wrong which is bred by war and the majesties of armies. Doubtless this is part of the explanation. But is this all? Mr. Coleridge has referred to this subject in “*The Friend*,” but, to the best of my remembrance, only noticing it as a fact. Fichte, the celebrated German philosopher, has given us his view of it (“*Idea of War*,” p. 15.); and it is so ingenious, that it deserves mention: it is this: “Times of revolution force men's minds inwards: hence they are led amongst other things to meditate on morals with reference to their own conduct. But to subtilize too much upon this subject must always be ruinous to morality, with all understandings that are not very powerful, i. e. with the majority, because it terminates naturally in a body of maxims, a specious and covert self-interest. Whereas, when men meditate less, they are apt to act more from natural feeling, in which the natural goodness of the heart often interferes to neutralize or even to overbalance its errors.”

[*Ibid.*]

## SONNET TO AN ENTHUSIAST.

Young ardent soul, graced with fair Nature's truth,  
 Spring warmth of heart, and fervency of mind,  
 And still a large late love of all thy Kind,  
 Spite of the World's cold practice and Time's ruth;  
 For all these gifts, I know not, in fair sooth,  
 Whether to give thee joy, or bid thee blind  
 Thine eyes with tears, that thou hast not resign'd  
 The passionate fire and freshness of thy youth;  
 For, as the current of thy life shall flow,  
 Gilded by shine of sun or shadow-stain'd,  
 Through flowery valley or unwholesome fen,  
 Thrice blessed in thy joy, or in thy wo  
 Thrice cursed of thy race, thou art ordain'd  
 To share beyond the lot of common men.

[Ibid.

FROM THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

## POOR RELATIONS.

A POOR relation is—the most irrelevant thing in nature,—a piece of impertinent correspondence,—an odious approximation,—a haunting conscience,—a preposterous shadow, lengthening in the noon-tide of your prosperity,—an unwelcome remembrancer,—a perpetually recurring mortification,—a drain on your purse,—a more intolerable dun upon your pride,—a drawback upon success,—a rebuke to your rising,—a stain in your blood,—a blot on your scutecheon,—a rent in your garment,—a death's head at your banquet,—Agathocles' pot,—a Mordecai in your gate,—a Lazarus at your door,—a lion in your path,—a frog in your chamber,—a fly in your ointment,—a mote in your eye,—a triumph to your enemy, an apology to your friends,—the one thing not needful,—the hail in harvest,—the ounce of sour in a pound of sweet,—the bore *par excellence*.

He is known by his knock. Your heart telleth you "That is Mr. —." A rap, between familiarity and respect; that demands, and, at the same time, seems to despair of, entertainment. He entereth smiling, and—embarrassed. He holdeth out his hand to you to shake, and—draweth it back again. He casually looketh in about dinner time—when the table is full. He offereth to go away, seeing you have company—but is induced to stay. He filleth a chair, and your visitor's two children are accommodated at a side table. He never cometh upon open days, when your wife says with some complacency, "My dear, perhaps Mr. — will drop in to-day." He remembereth birth-days—and professeth he is fortunate to have stumbled upon one. He declareth against fish, the turbot being small—yet suffereth himself to be importuned into a slice against his first resolution. He sticketh by the port—yet will be prevailed upon to empty the remainder glass of claret,



—if a stranger press it upon him. He is a puzzle to the servants, who are fearful of being too obsequious, or not civil enough, to him. The guests think “they have seen him before.” Every one speculateth upon his condition; and the most part take him to be—a tide-waiter. He calleth you by your Christian name, to imply that his other is the same with your own. He is too familiar by half, yet you wish he had less diffidence. With half the familiarity, he might pass for a casual dependant; with more boldness, he would be in no danger of being taken for what he is. He is too humble for a friend, yet taketh on him more state than befits a client. He is a worse guest than a country tenant, inasmuch as he bringeth up no rent—yet ’tis odds, from his garb and demeanour, that your other guests take him for one. He is asked to make one at the whist table; refuseth on the score of poverty, and—resents being left out. When the company break up, he proffereth to go for a coach—and lets the servant go. He recollects your grandfather; and will thrust in some mean, and quite unimportant anecdote of—the family. He knew it when it was not quite so flourishing as “he is blest in seeing it now.” He reviveth past situations, to institute what he calleth—favourable comparisons. With a reflecting sort of congratulation, he will inquire the price of your furniture; and insults you with a special commendation of your window-curtains. He is of opinion that the urn is the more elegant shape, but, after all, there was something more comfortable about the old tea-kettle—which you must remember. He dare say you must find a great convenience in having a carriage of your own, and appealeth to your lady if it is not so. Inquireth if you have had your arms done on vellum yet; and did not know till lately, that such-and-such had been the crest of the family. His memory is unseasonable; his compliments perverse; his talk a trouble; his stay pertinacious; and when he goeth away, you dismiss his chair into a corner, as precipitately as possible, and feel fairly rid of two nuisances.

There is a worse evil under the sun, and that is—a female poor relation. You may do something with the other; you may pass him off tolerably well; but your indigent she relative is hopeless. “He is an old humorist,” you may say, “and affects to go threadbare. His circumstances are better than folks would take them to be. You are fond of having a character at your table, and truly he is one.” But in the indications of female poverty there can be no disguise. No woman dresses below herself from caprice. The truth must out without shuffling. “She is plainly related to the L—s; or what does she at their house?” She is, in all probability, your wife’s cousin. Nine times out of ten, at least, this is the case. Her garb is something between a gentlewoman and a beggar, yet the former evidently predominates. She is most provokingly humble, and ostentatiously sensible to her inferiority. He may require to be repressed sometimes—*aliquando sufflamandus erat*—but there is no raising her. You send her soup at

dinner, and she begs to be helped—after the gentlemen. Mr. — requests the honour of taking wine with her; she hesitates between Port and Madeira, and chooses the former—because he does. She calls the servant *Sir*; and insists on not troubling him to hold her plate. The housekeeper patronizes her. The children's governess takes upon her to correct her, when she has mistaken the piano for a harpsichord.

Richard Amlet, Esq. in the play, is a notable instance of the disadvantages, to which this chimerical notion of *affinity constituting a claim to acquaintance* may subject the spirit of a gentleman. A little foolish blood is all that is betwixt him and a lady with a great estate. His stars are perpetually crossed by the malignant maternity of an old woman, who persists in calling him "her son Dick." But she has wherewithal in the end to recompense his indignities, and float him again upon the brilliant surface, under which it had been her seeming business and pleasure all along to sink him. All men, besides, are not of Dick's temperament. I knew an Amlet in real life, who, wanting Dick's buoyancy, sank indeed. Poor W— was of my own standing at Christ's, a fine classic, and a youth of promise. If he had a blemish, it was too much pride; but its quality was inoffensive; it was not of that sort which hardens the heart, and serves to keep inferiors at a distance; it only sought to ward off derogation from itself. It was the principle of self-respect carried as far as it could go, without infringing upon that respect, which he would have every one else equally maintain for himself. He would have you to think alike with him on this topic. Many a quarrel have I had with him, when we were rather older boys, and our tallness made us more obnoxious to observation in the blue clothes, because I would not thrud the alleys and blind ways of the town with him, to elude notice, when we have been out together on a holiday in the streets of this sneering and prying metropolis. W— went, sore with these notions, to Oxford, where the dignity and sweetness of a scholar's life, meeting with the alloy of a humble introduction, wrought in him a passionate devotion to the place, with a profound aversion from the society. The servitor's gown (worse than his school array) clung to him with Nessian venom. He thought himself ridiculous in a garb, under which Latimer must have walked erect; and in which Hooker, in his young days, possibly flaunted in a vein of no discommendable vanity. In the depth of college shades, or in his lonely chamber, the poor student slunk from observation. He found shelter among books, which insult not; and studies, that ask no questions of a youth's finances. He was lord of his library, and seldom cared for looking out beyond his domains. The healing influence of studious pursuits was upon him, to soothe and to abstract. He was almost a healthy man; when the waywardness of his fate broke out against him with a second and worse malignity. The father of W— had hitherto exercised the humble profession of house painter at N—, near Ox-

ford. A supposed interest with some of the heads of colleges had now induced him to take up his abode in that city, with the hope of being employed upon some public works which were talked of. From that moment I read in the countenance of the young man, the determination which at length tore him from academical pursuits for ever. To a person unacquainted with our universities, the distance between the gownsmen and the townsmen, as they are called—the trading part of the latter especially—is carried to an excess that would appear harsh and incredible. The temperament of W——'s father was diametrically the reverse of his own. Old W—— was a little, busy, cringing tradesman, who, with his son upon his arm, would stand bowing and scraping, cap in hand, to any thing that wore the semblance of a gown—insensible to the winks, and opener remonstrances of the young man, to whose chamber-fellow, or equal in standing perhaps, he was thus obsequiously and gratuitously ducking. Such a state of things could not last. W—— must change the air of Oxford, or be suffocated. He chose the former; and let the sturdy moralist, who strains the point of the filial duties as high as they can bear, censure the dereliction; he cannot estimate the struggle. I stood with W——, the last afternoon I ever saw him, under the eaves of his paternal dwelling. It was in the fine lane leading from the High-street to the back of \*\*\*\*\* college, where W—— kept his rooms. He seemed thoughtful, and more reconciled. I ventured to rally him—finding him in a better mood—upon a representation of the Artist Evangelist, which the old man, whose affairs were beginning to flourish, had caused to be set up in a splendid sort of frame over his really handsome shop, either as a token of prosperity, or badge of gratitude to his saint. W—— looked up at the Luke, and like Satan, “knew his mounted sign—and fled.” A letter on his father's table the next morning announced, that he had accepted a commission in a regiment about to embark for Portugal. He was among the first who perished before the walls of St. Sebastian.

I do not know how, upon a subject which I began with treating half seriously, I should have fallen upon a recital so eminently painful; but this theme of poor relationship is replete with so much matter for tragic as well as comic associations, that it is difficult to keep the account distinct without blending. The earliest impressions which I received on this matter, are certainly not attended with any thing painful, or very humiliating, in the recalling. At my father's table (no very splendid one) was to be found, every Saturday, the mysterious figure of an aged gentleman, clothed in neat black, of a sad yet comely appearance. His deportment was of the essence of gravity; his words few or none; and I was not to make a noise in his presence. I had little inclination to have done so—for my cue was to admire in silence. A particular elbow chair was appropriated to him, which was in no case to be violated. A peculiar sort of sweet pudding, which appeared on no other occasion, distinguished the days of his coming. I used to think him

a prodigiously rich man. All I could make out of him was, that he and my father had been schoolfellows a world ago at Lincoln, and that he came from the Mint. The Mint I knew to be a place where all the money was coined—and I thought he was the owner of all that money. Awful ideas of the Tower twined themselves about his presence. He seemed above human infirmities and passions. A sort of melancholy grandeur invested him. From some inexplicable doom I fancied him obliged to go about in an eternal suit of mourning. A captive—a stately being, let out of the Tower on Saturdays. Often have I wondered at the temerity of my father, who, in spite of an habitual general respect, which we all in common manifested towards him, would venture now and then to stand up against him in some argument, touching their youthful days. The houses of the ancient city of Lincoln are divided (as most of my readers know) between the dwellers on the hill, and in the valley. This marked distinction formed an obvious division between the boys who lived above (however brought together in a common school), and the boys whose paternal residence was on the plain; a sufficient cause of hostility in the code of these young Grotiuses. My father had been a leading mountaineer; and would still maintain the general superiority, in skill and hardihood, of the *Above Boys* (his own faction), over the *Below Boys* (so were they called), of which party his contemporary had been a chieftain. Many and hot were the skirmishes on this topic—the only one upon which the old gentleman was ever brought out—and bad blood bred: even sometimes almost to the recommencement (so I expected) of actual hostilities. But my father, who scorned to insist upon advantages, generally contrived to turn the conversation upon some adroit by-commendation of the old Minster; in the general preference of which, before all other cathedrals in the island, the dweller on the hill, and the plain-born, could meet on a conciliating level, and lay down their less important differences. Once only I saw the old gentleman really ruffled, and I remember with anguish the thought that came over me: “Perhaps he will never come here again.” He had been pressed to take another plate of the viand, which I have already mentioned as the indispensable concomitant of his visits. He had refused, with a resistance amounting to rigour—when my aunt, an old Lincolnian, but who had something of this, in common with my cousin Bridget, that she would sometimes press civility out of season—uttered the following memorable application—“Do take another slice, Mr. Billet, for you do not get pudding every day.” The old gentleman said nothing at the time—but he took occasion in the course of the evening, when some argument had intervened between them, to utter with an emphasis which chilled the company, and which chills me now as I write it—“Woman, you are superannuated.” John Billet did not survive long, after the digesting of this affront; but he survived long enough to assure me that peace was actually restored; and, if I remember aright, another pudding was discreetly

substituted in the place of that which had occasioned the offence. He died at the Mint (Anno 1781), where he had long held, what he accounted, a comfortable independence; and with five pounds, fourteen shillings, and a penny, which were found in his escrutoire after his decease, left the world, blessing God that he had enough to bury him, and that he had never been obliged to any man for a sixpence. This was—a Poor Relation. ELIA.

## STANZAS TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

No mortal hand can scatter flowers,  
To soothe or bless the mourner's way,  
But such as, cull'd from earthly bowers,  
Are found as briefly bright as they;  
For every blossom born of earth  
Is doom'd to wither from its birth.  
Yet even these—if fed by dew,  
Which silently descends from heaven,—  
Indebted, for each brighter hue,  
To light its glorious sun has given,—  
And freshen'd by its gentlest breeze;  
Thus rear'd—e'en earthly flowers may please.  
I will not say, my youthful friend,  
That such may fitting emblems be  
Of aught that I have ever penn'd,  
Or now presume to offer thee:  
But, as a Bard, my highest bliss  
Were to approximate to this.  
To touch, to please, to win the heart  
To calm and virtuous feelings prone,  
Not by mere rules of minstrel art,  
Or fancied genius of mine own,  
But by those holier charms,—whose birth  
Is not of man, nor caught from earth.  
And, were I gifted thus,—O how  
Could I thy path with flowers adorn?  
When grief too often clouds my brow,  
To find mine own has many a thorn,  
Whose rankling wounds a pledge might be  
How little I could succour thee.  
But there is Balm in Gilead!—There  
The Great Physician may be found,  
Whose love and mercy can prepare  
An antidote for every wound;  
His hand can scatter flowers divine,  
And faith in Him may make them *THINE*!

[*Lond. Mag.*]

## THE RULING PASSION OR HABIT.

HALLER, the great physician, seems to have been making his very latest sensations and the final struggles of his body, subjects of professional experiment and curiosity. "My friend," said he, to his medical attendant, "the artery no longer beats"—and expired. Few people, perhaps, have lived to announce such a fact of their own system.



## THERE IS A TONGUE IN EVERY LEAF.

THERE is a tongue in every leaf!

A voice in every rill!

A voice that speaketh everywhere,  
In flood and fire, through earth and air;

A tongue that's never still!

'Tis the Great Spirit, wide diffused

Through every thing we see,  
That with our spirits communeth  
Of things mysterious—Life and Death,  
Time and Eternity!

I see Him in the blazing sun,  
And in the thunder cloud;

I hear Him in the mighty roar  
That rusheth through the forests hoar,  
When winds are piping loud.

I see Him, hear Him, *everywhere*,

In *all things*—darkness, light,  
Silence, and sound; but, most of all,  
When slumber's dusky curtains fall,  
At the dead hour of night.

I *feel* Him in the silent dews,

By grateful earth betray'd;  
I feel Him in the gentle showers,  
The soft south wind, the breath of flowers,  
The sunshine, and the shade.

And-yet (ungrateful that I am!)

I've turn'd in sullen mood  
From all these things, whereof He said,  
When the great whole was finished,  
That they were "very good."

My sadness on the loveliest things

Fell like unwholesome dew—  
The darkness that encompass'd me,  
The gloom I felt so palpably,  
Mine own dark spirit threw.

Yet He was patient—slow to wrath,  
Though every day provoked

By selfish, pining discontent,  
Acceptance cold or negligent,  
And promises revoked.

And still the same rich feast was spread

For my insensate heart—  
Not always so—I woke again,  
To join Creation's rapturous strain,  
"O Lord, how good Thou art!"

The clouds drew up, the shadows fled,

The glorious sun broke out,  
And love, and hope, and gratitude,  
Dispell'd that miserable mood  
Of darkness and of doubt.

[*Blackwood's Mag.*]

## A MOTHER.

O say what joy her heart can prove,  
When to a mother's care is given  
To rear the pledge of virtuous love,  
Beneath the favouring smiles of Heaven!

When Hope, with a prophetic power,  
Bids many a fair illusion rise,  
To brighten Sorrow's dreariest hour,  
Like sunshine o'er the wintry skies.

When sings the linnet from the tree,  
The sky-lark from the dewy air,  
Beside her kindly pillowing knee,  
The infant cons his evening prayer—  
A prayer, to her delighted breast,  
Refreshing as the dews of even,  
That lulls each worldly care to rest,  
And steals her thoughts from earth to Heaven.

If pale Disease untimely shed  
Its blight on childhood's blooming rose,  
How shall she watch his weary bed,  
And sorrow o'er his secret woes!  
How shall she pour her lovely wail,  
While slumber wraps a world around,  
And, by the taper glimmering pale,  
Start at the clock's foreboding sound!

VOL. III. No. 13.—*MISCELLANEOUS*.

If Death, with unexpected doom,  
Should tear the little one away—  
The human bud, of fairest bloom,  
That rose to cheer her mortal day—  
As gathering meets the solemn crowd,  
As strikes the dead-bell's pausing toll,

Ah! who can think upon the shroud  
That wraps in gloom a mother's soul!

O thou who takest to thy breast  
A partner of thy cares below!  
To thee, that partner turns for rest,  
And claims thine aid in every woe:  
Is she the mother of thy child,  
Wrapt in his cheerless bed of clay?  
Then share that mother's anguish wild,  
And chase her mournful thoughts away.

O thou, who, in the field of dead,  
Hast rais'd a father's early tomb,  
And see'st around a mother's head  
The deepening shades of sorrow gloom!  
Think, think of cares unwearied paid  
To thee through many a helpless year,  
And tender thy consoling aid  
To wipe away a mother's tear!

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## ON GIVING ADVICE.

Et c'est une folie, à nulle autre seconde,  
De vouloir se mêler de corriger le monde.

It was a remark of Horne Tooke's, that in the matter of advice, there are two sorts of fools; those who *will* give, and those who *will not* take it. Now, as these embrace between them almost every man that breathes, there cannot be a subject *quod magis ad nos pertinet*. Yet, as every man's business is nobody's business, the theme is fairly going a begging. Like the "roasted pigs which run through the streets with knives and forks in their backs," methinks, it apostrophizes the periodical writer, as he passes along in his literary jog-trot, i. e. *currente calamo*, and crying "Come touch on me," puts in its claim to be served up *pro bono publico*. Not that we would insinuate the matter to be untouched; quite the reverse: but it has uniformly been handled in such a dull, tiresome, common-place, lack-a-daisical, sermonizing style, that "poppy and mandragoras, and all the drowsy syrups of" all the congregated universities of Europe could not render it more narcotic. Whoever will take the pains—having nothing better to do—to inquire into this matter, and to turn over all that philosophy has produced for its illustration, will rise from his task with much the same sort of knowledge as the Bath mail-coachman has of the West of England, who, by dint of living on the road, is acquainted with the mile-stones, alehouse-signs, and country-seats within sight of his coach-box—but no more. All "this sort of thing" is very well for your authors in folio, who, *virtute officii*, are bound to tell the reader, in return for his "good and lawful money of Great Britain," *whatever is not*, in order to make a decent bulk for their book, before they come (in an appendix) to the few pages of *what is*; and who would ill discharge their functions, if they omitted to recount any one of the errors the world has committed respecting the matter in hand; telling the public, as if the public had never heard it before, how Cicero said this, how Plato talked like a madman concerning that, how Herodotus tells a story no one believes concerning the other; interlarding the whole with a due quantity of twice-two-are-four aphorisms, and with perpetual beggings of questions, after the most approved old fashion.

But we, who are "pent up" in the Utica of a single half-sheet (writers *in fructu*), and who are obliged to aim at being readable—pray Heaven we succeed!—we, indeed, are compelled to go a little into the interior of the country, to leave the high-roads of literature, and pry into every hole and corner in search of novelty, leaving no stone unturned in order to "elevate and surprise." A tavern-keeper might as well hope to trade in musty victuals and sour wine, as a periodical hope for success in the common path. Nature and sense are nothing; we must be fantastical, and finical, and outlandish: and (novelty not being always attainable) if we take up with

an old theme, we must have the art of a Monmouth-street clothier, and make our wares look "as good as new," and show no sign of their having been worn before. But to begin:

The disposition, impulse, instinct, propensity, or what you will, towards giving advice, is so universal among men, that, with the sole exception of those who *sell* it, no class in the community is exempt from the failing. *They*, indeed, who live by the trade, are cautious enough how they scatter their pearls to swine. The doctor, who, to the travelling question of "what would you advise me to take," answered, "Take advice"—is the type and model of the whole tribe. Law and physic are equally sententious and oracular; and they both hem in their assertions with such phalanxes of "ifs" and "buts," as seldom fail to leave the consultor in greater doubt than before. Yet, strange to say, this bought advice is almost the only species that is implicitly followed. So much, indeed, does the virtue of all counsel lie in the fee, that the best opinion is held to be useless, if gratuitously imparted: no man esteeming that worth having, which another does not hesitate to part withal. In this, therefore, the clergy are guilty of an egregious error, that they do not retail their opinions by the piece, but accept of a yearly stipend, and, doling out their weekly lucubrations gratis, "vex the dull ear of the drowsy hearer," by not first fixing his attention through an application to his pocket. Without this key, it would be difficult to understand the little use which is made of all the good advice which church and state procure to be administered to his Majesty's lieges, but which possesses so strikingly the singular property of "going in at one ear and out of the other." This is a fact that we press the more earnestly, as the matter of clerical remuneration is at present "before the public:"—but a word to the wise.

The same reason likewise explains the trifling benefit derived from those *paternal admonitions* which another of the government servants dispenses to the subject towards the close of our sessions and assizes, and which are proverbially inefficacious. Were the *quantum meruit* upon these great occasions left in the breast of the by-standers, by admitting the public only on the purchase of tickets, it is inconceivable how anxious men would become "to get the worth of their money," and how careful they would be to carry away something *quod mox depromere possunt*: whereas at present this merit is confined only to the *select few*, who make such opportunities the occasion of "labouring in their vocation, Hal," and with whom "depromere" means *to pawn*.

The secret here disclosed for the benefit of the public is invaluable; but it is more especially recommended to the consideration of our Tract Societies, who are so ready in *giving* good advice, that the people imagine it, like the priest's blessing, not worth the taking. Nay, it is to be feared, that even the Bible itself may come to be estimated merely at its selling price with "*my Uncle*," if its distribution continues to be effected at the present accelerating

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velocity. A still greater error of the "good ladies," is that of *purchasing* an auditory, and *bribing* the poor to "stand their jobations" by a weekly largesse of soup and potatoes, or an occasional donative of petticoats and blankets. In this case the most *wholesome advice* is esteemed "*flocci nauci nihili*," except as it is accompanied by *wholesome porridge*; and the naked truth is rejected, unless for the sake of the decent clothing with which it is accompanied.

This consideration likewise throws considerable light upon the nature of that never-sufficiently-to-be-deprecated influence of the press, which so mischievously interferes between the autocrat apostles of "social order," and their amiable and anti-selfish projects.

"Heu, heu, nos miseros, quam totus homuncio nil est!"

The very means we take to carry our ends become the very instruments for consummating our ruin! The stamp duty, that ingenious contrivance for giving public opinion the spring halt, must (if there be any truth in these premises) add weight and value to all the ill-advice that flows from the malignity of journalists; and, by increasing the price of the article, make it more worth attending to. Do we not, in fact, find that the dearer all sorts of books are, the more eagerly they are bought; and that there are many works, having no earthly value but the prices they bear in "marked catalogues," which are esteemed as alone conferring literary distinction on their possessors?

Notwithstanding all that has been said, we find the mania of giving advice "free, gratis, for nothing at all," attaches so closely to every cast and character, every age, sex, and temperament, that man might be defined an advising animal; a definition much the more appropriate than even the far-famed "*cooking animal*," because man only cooks his victuals when he wants to eat, whereas he is at all times, "in season and out of season," ready to "*give his verdict*," and will preach to you, for the hour together, by all the clocks between this and Shrewsbury, and at any hour you please of the whole four-and-twenty. Accordingly, we find that this function is not attributed to any insulated and particular boss, bump, protuberance, or accidentality of the human brain, susceptible of the *poco meno* and *poco più*, but is a common property of the whole cerebral mass, inherent in each separate fibre, and operating in all; being *proprium quarto modo* to the principle of sensibility. Some may be inclined to attribute the universality of advising to its facility: for certainly nothing is easier than for a looker-on, who proverbially sees most of the game, to pick holes in its playing; and for those who are out of a scrape, and feel none of its embarrassments, to say, "if I were you," or "in your case," or "how can you be so silly!" And the proof is in the number of those who "are for ever prone to teach their grannies to suck eggs."

It seems, however, not altogether improbable, that the eagerness

for giving advice may arise in no inconsiderable degree from a fixed conviction that it will never be taken; for it is never so earnestly pressed as when the giver is "certain sure" that it is absolutely impracticable. For this hypothesis many good reasons might be assigned; but we will confine ourselves to this one: that the rejection of advice is the best pretext for abandoning a friend in his adversity; and that there is no better answer to that most impertinent and provoking "Lend me an hundred pounds," than, "No, Sir, if you had taken my advice," or "It's all your own affair," or "You know you would have your own way," "As you brew, so you may bake;" which are all unanswerable formulæ,—intrenched passes, through which the enemy can never penetrate to your pocket.

That a reluctance to take advice is a sufficient motive for offering it, may be concluded, likewise, from that odd phenomenon of men continuing to give counsel as fathers, which they have rejected as sons, regularly, *de père en fils*, from generation to generation, from the days of Adam to this infant 1823. Were it not for the pleasure of the sport, they might as well "*whistle to milestones*."

As giving advice is one of the greatest pleasures of life, so the exercise is one of our greatest franchises; and the Abbé Gagliani has not unjustly placed public liberty in this very point. In the most despotic government, he observes (see Grimm), each individual shut up in the bosom of his family, and avoiding contact with the tyrant, enjoys an apparent security and tranquillity; *but he cannot influence the conduct of others*, or remark on public affairs; whereas, in a free state, every thing is within our cognizance. All this is perfectly true; and there is nothing in the whole round of tyranny, domestic or politic, more provoking than the necessity of speaking only when you are spoken to, and keeping to yourself every rising animadversion on "what does not concern you." Clever despots have accordingly permitted their slaves this privilege of talking, *to a certain extent*, well assured that a *rau-deville* or a squib is a safety-valve which prevents many a fatal explosion. His Majesty's ministers have not a more formidable enemy than a cross-grained, jealous attorney-general; nor is the state ever in greater danger than when men's tongues are forced to lie idle.

It is not surprising that a principle so inherent in our nature should assume many forms, and show itself under a truly Protean variety of aspects. Besides the members of the learned professions "*doctores à docendo*" (that is, doctors because they give advice,) and the hereditary, elective, and nominated counsellors of the crown, we have journalists, reviewers, pamphleteers, lecturers, didactic and satirical poets, religious novelists, comedians, coffee-house orators, writers of anonymous letters, advertisers, old maids, duellists, soldiers (the readers of great moral lessons, and learned

scholiasts of modern international law), political economists (paper and gold), Mesmerites, Missionaries, &c. &c. each anxious *pro modulo suo*, and according to his several capacities, to take upon himself the disciplining, drilling, and remoulding the world. Of all men that ever breathed I hold Dr. Rees to have been the most fortunate, who, in publishing the Encyclopædia, has given advice upon all subjects and to all men. His only drawback must have arisen in the necessity of advocating other men's opinions instead of his own. When the publisher of the old Monthly Magazine shall have succeeded in overturning the Newtonian philosophy, he may, perhaps, find leisure for writing an Encyclopædia *all his own*; and then "*Ille mi par esse deo videbitur*," he will reach the *acmé* of human prosperity, and have the whole world of science,

"Like a bull in a china-shop, all his own way."

Till then men must submit, as of old, to play alternately the parts of advisers and advised.

But, alas! *hinc ille lacrymæ!* nobody likes *taking* advice; and those dislike taking it the most, who are the freest in offering it to their neighbours. Hence the propriety of never asking a friend's opinion, till the thing in question is irrevocably decided. This want of *reciprocity* (as Mr. Pitt would have called it) is the cause why free states make despotic masters of colonies; and it explains, too, why the Bourbons, who have been proverbial for learning nothing and forgetting nothing, should be the first and most active in forcing advice on others, and should disgust all Europe by their atrocious attempt at reading the Spaniards a political lecture. May every arm of man be lifted against them, and every human sigh that is breathed to Heaven, go laden with a curse on their unholy enterprise!

Among the endless varieties of human caprice, instances are not wanting of persons who find pleasure in taking physic; but though many have found a malicious delight in asking advice, merely that they may treat it with contempt, it is unknown that man ever took it with satisfaction. The position is too humiliating; nor could we endure to listen patiently to our best friend's prosing, were we not upheld by a conscious liberty and a decided volition to reject his counsel. What else could sustain a minister through a course of Mr. Hume's nightly inflictions, or what could maintain unbroken the life-ending connexion of man and wife, and carry *mankind* through that never-ending still-beginning curtain-lecture, which "*rerum immutabilis unda*" has endured, and will endure "*in omne volubilis ævum*," even to the very crack of doom,—the eternal type and precursor of the last trumpet?

The subject grows on our hands, but it is time to have done, or "*commençons à conclure*." We thank Providence that gave us a profession (reader, we leave you to guess which) that invests us with the divine right of inflicting our opinion on others *secundum*

*arlem.* But this is not enough: we must indulge a little in our private capacities; and now and then "give a piece of our mind" to the readers of the New Monthly; for which, as they pay, it is to be hoped they will profit. Did time permit, we could even now afford many useful counsels, all "germane to the matter:" but *dum loquimur fugit pagina*, and we must content ourselves with advising our kind friends not to sleep with their eyes open, to avoid the east wind (which is now beginning to blow), to do as little as they can of what they don't like, and "*se tenir en joie*," and remember "*qu'il y a plus d'esprit en un pinte du vin, qu'il n'y en a en un boisseau de bled*." M.

FROM THE BRITISH CRITIC.

*Essays on Subjects of Important Enquiry, in Metaphysics, Morals and Religion; accompanied by References to Passages in numerous Authors, illustrative of the same. By the late Isaac Hawkins Browne, Esq. 8vo. pp. 628. 15s. Cadell. 1822.*

THE appearance of this posthumous work, serves to remind us of the gradual, but important alteration, which is taking place in English society. The author, the late Mr. Hawkins Browne, belonged to a class which has already become scarce, and which will soon be altogether extinct. He sat in parliament for nearly thirty years, as an independent country gentleman. During the whole of that time he devoted himself to the various duties of the senate, and was accustomed to take a part in the most important discussions. His private life, was that of a scholar and a Christian, whose leisure is employed in extensive reading and profitable meditation, and who is not unwilling to communicate the results of his study. We do not say that it is possible or desirable to convert all modern senators into men of this description; but when we observe the different characters which most of them assume, we cannot take leave of the *old school*, without feelings of regret and alarm.

If a young man of birth and fortune obtains a seat in the House of Commons, and wishes, without entangling himself in the trammels of party, to make use of his understanding and activity, the chances are, that he will go astray. He will be tempted to put himself forward in all causes, and upon all occasions, to become vice-president and orator to five hundred institutions; to be a police man, or a corn-law man, or a Lanark man, or a road man. He will move for a committee of the honourable house, and treat his constituents and correspondents with a journey to town at the public expense, for the sake of proving that there may be smoke without fire, or fire without smoke, plague without infection, or infec-

tion without plague. Much curious information may be procured in this manner, and some real improvements introduced into the management of public business. But will the system tend to strengthen and elevate the minds of our statesmen? Will it enable or prepare them to take a comprehensive view of the interests of their country, or the duty of its children. Will it recruit the senatorial ranks with English gentlemen of the old stamp, well versed in the history of their native land; firmly attached to its institutions, and incapable of consenting to remove its land-marks? It would be difficult and hazardous to answer in the affirmative. Constitutional questions are now discussed, after a different fashion from that which prevailed in days of yore. There is not the same disposition to reason, or to act upon fixed principles. There is not the same reliance upon the tried wisdom of preceding generations. There is more affectation of science, more smattering and smartness, and, of course, more presumption and more ignorance. Unless there be a certain number of persons of solid judgment and long experience, who are listened to upon great occasions with deference—the political vessel is deficient in ballast. Such deficiency may be expected to arise from too great an extension of the present system. And we shall sincerely rejoice at its abandonment. The return of our country gentlemen to old pursuits and old studies, will be advantageous to every class of society. It may diminish their present means of making a noise, or cutting a figure; but it will enable them to do permanent good to their country and their fellow-creatures.

To return to the volume before us. It consists of five-and-twenty essays, on the most important religious and moral subjects. —Reason; The Passions; Free Agency; Society; Moral Obligation; Virtue; Vice; The Being of God; The Incommunicable Attributes of God; The Moral Attributes of God; The Wisdom of God; The Power of God; The Moral Government of God; Infidelity; Religion; Enthusiasm; Superstition; Prayer; A State of Trial; The Reward of Virtue; The Punishment of Vice; Providence; The Immateriality of the Soul; The Immortality of the Soul; The Evidences of the Christian Revelation. The author informs us in his preface, that the arrangement was formed many years ago, and that he was led in the course of his reading upon theology and moral philosophy, to transcribe those passages which appeared to throw a material light upon the subjects he intended to discuss. He did so with the hope of entering fully into all those points; but having no leisure for the accomplishment of so great a work, and unwilling that his labour should be entirely lost, he drew up a short essay on each of the forementioned subjects, as an introduction to that extensive inquiry which the references suggest, and may produce. These essays, and these references, are comprised in the present work. The latter are divided into eleven periods, occupying a space of two or three years each, during which they were collected. Some idea may be given of their



author's industry and perseverance, by stating, that the references occupy at least a third of the book, and send us to specified parts of the writings of two or three hundred voluminous authors. We do not see the advantage or propriety of retaining the division into periods. The reader cannot easily divest himself of the notion, that these divisions relate to the subject matter of the essays. And the fact that they are only governed by the time at which Mr. Browne happened to peruse this or that volume, is continually overlooked. If any divisions had been retained, they should have followed either the different parts of each head of inquiry, or the different subjects of which the authors treat. The latter strikes us as the preferable plan. The theological, the moral, the metaphysical, the historical writers might have been separately classed, and afterwards subdivided into ancient and modern, Christian and heathen, domestic and foreign, or any other similar divisions.

We shall furnish the reader with extracts from the essays on Infidelity, and on the Reward of Virtue, which will enable him to form a fair opinion of the general contents of the volume.

"It has been contended, that we are quite passive in our belief, therefore infidelity cannot be criminal; and that the human mind is so differently framed, that the same evidence which convinces one man has no effect upon another. Both these theories are unfounded, or supported by false principles. The former supposes that we are not free agents in our thoughts, whatever we may be in our words and actions. The latter supposes, that mind in every rational being is not the same, but capable of a diversity destructive of its very essence. This is a position which would lead to universal scepticism. Upon the same principle, that we are supposed passive in our belief, we may imagine ourselves passive in all moral and social virtues. It is difficult, I allow, to conquer an inveterate prejudice, especially the prejudices which pride and licentiousness indulge against religion; but not more difficult than to subdue an inordinate passion. The fastidious declare that they find it impossible to sympathize with any man. The capricious and conceited feel an invincible reluctance to accommodate themselves to company they despise, or to enjoy that society into which they must naturally fall; but are these difficulties, or these impossibilities, as we fondly call them, pleas, which any wise or good man will allow, for the violation of every duty which benevolence, gratitude, or natural affection demand? Can the misanthrope or the infidel plead an insuperable necessity at the tribunal of an omniscient Judge, who knows the free agency he has bestowed upon man, and the responsibility flowing from it? Every truth, when it is brought before the mind, becomes self-evident, and must be universally received. But the difficulty consists in bringing truths properly before the mind, when they are not evident at first sight. No religious truth is evident at first sight; it must, therefore, be brought before the mind by some voluntary exertion of the intellectual agent, that is, of the being who contemplates it. No instructor can teach a pupil, without some active energy of the pupil's own mind. It is, therefore, in our power to refuse to make this exertion, and if we do not decline the effort altogether, the intenseness or remission of it, the time we employ in it, all depends upon ourselves. As ignorance depresses us in the moral intellectual scale, so we raise ourselves, not only in the moral and intellectual, but in the religious scale of being, by all the conviction which we are enabled, through our own voluntary exertions, to obtain of divine truth. I am ready to acknowledge, that we cannot investigate the truth of any theological position, nor have it properly presented to the mind, if there is a great deficiency of natural capacity, or education, or learning, or leisure; but these advantages are not required in an eminent degree, if we confine our examination to the fundamental doctrines of natural or revealed religion. These qualifications become chiefly necessary, when some subtlety of human invention, supported by sophistry is to be exploded; or when we

inquire into the true interpretation of a particular passage in scripture; or when we attempt to explore the regions of eternity and immensity, or the nature of that Being, who, in his full perfection, is incomprehensible to every created mind. If, however, in our inquiries after divine truth, we are properly sensible of our defects, whatever is wanting in knowledge or ability will be supplied by an humble and a docile temper, and our right of private judgment will be best exerted in the choice of an enlightened guide. Although we advance towards perfection, and gradually ascend according to the number of true propositions which we believe, if we act correspondently to them, yet we shall not, at the day of judgment, be rewarded or punished exactly in this proportion; for the number of true propositions, which we believe, depends upon a variety of unavoidable circumstances. Our reward or punishment will be awarded in conformity with our laudable diligence or culpable neglect." P. 336.

"If self-satisfaction proceeds from adulation and vanity, it is of a very shadowy and fluctuating nature; liable to be overthrown by every wind of popular fame; dependent upon the breath of man; subject every hour to innumerable mortifications, and always regulated by the flow or depression of animal spirits. But if it proceeds from a real knowledge of moral truth, and of our own hearts, it is the habitual consciousness of virtue, which we cannot have without the possession of it.

"Nor will our sense of deficiency impair this satisfaction, if we are assured of our sincere endeavours to conquer every bad propensity, and to make a daily progress in virtue. The more earnest these endeavours are, and the greater the success of them, the higher will be our enjoyment, and the more perfect our morality. When there is a particular danger of acting wrong, a firm resolution constantly opposed to that danger, is a continued act of virtue. Vicious indulgencies deprave, virtuous self-government improves, the inward constitution and character; and by raising us to a greater eminence in the moral scale, renders us more capable of self-satisfaction. The more accurate, the more enlarged, the more elevated our conceptions of duty are, the happier we shall be, if we act according to our knowledge of what is right. Duty and happiness are inseparable from virtue; the former as the principle, the latter the result; the former the guide, the latter the reward. A bad mind is the sorest adversity which can befall us; for in the most accumulated distress, the comfort of a good conscience will afford a pleasure, far beyond any delightful sensations which prosperity the most unbounded, without a good conscience, can bestow. The want of this true principle of self-satisfaction renders all pleasures insipid, if we partake of them; at the same time that they become necessary to dispel our mental gloom, and we cannot endure the calamity which their deprivation inflicts. We cannot bear their absence, yet have no enjoyment of them when present. I acknowledge, that self-satisfaction, though arising from the most frivolous fancies and absurd pretensions, will furnish some transient gratification. The very madman is happy while he thinks himself a king; but the happiness, which self-satisfaction produces, the peace of mind which it creates, must be in proportion to the solidity of the foundation upon which it stands. The firm and impregnable rock, which alone can afford it an adequate support, is the full conviction, that we have brought no calamities upon ourselves, and that our conduct has always been directed to the wisest and best ends; and that to obtain these ends we have been diligent in prayer, and have used all the lawful means which it has been in our power to exert." P. 474.

If this work does not become as extensively popular, as it is unquestionably and highly useful, the circumstance must be attributed to the following facts. The style and matter throughout the volume are sensible rather than brilliant—and a pure mind, a correct judgment, and an unwearied industry, are more conspicuous than originality, or philosophical free-thinking. The author sustains the character of a Christian, a Churchman, and a Patriot—and though the composition of such a work must be more beneficial than the perusal of it, yet no man will rise from a perusal of these *Essays*, without feeling that he has derived pleasure and instruction from the occupation.

## ADVERTISEMENT TO THE SECOND VOLUME OF THE LIBERAL.

NEVER was a greater outcry raised among the hypocrites of all classes, than against this publication. What with the "great vulgar" protesting, the "small" abusing, lawyers denouncing, "divines" cursing, scandal-mongers bawling, dunces of all sorts shrieking—all the sore places of the community seem to have been touched, and the "body politic" agitated accordingly.

"As when the long-ear'd, milky mothers wait  
At some sick miser's triple-bolted gate,  
For their defrauded, absent foals they make  
A moan so loud, that all the Guild awake;  
Sore sighs Sir Gilbert, starting at the bray,  
From dreams of millions, and three groats to pay:  
So swells each windpipe: ass intones to ass,  
Harmonic twang! of leather, horn, and brass;  
Such as from lab'ring lungs th' enthusiast blows,  
High sounds, attempered to the vocal nose;  
Or such as bellow from the deep divine:  
There, Webster! peal'd thy voice; and, Whitfield! thine;  
But far o'er all sonorous Blackmore's strain:  
Walls, steeples, skies, bray back to him again.  
In Tottenham fields the brethren with amaze,  
Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze!  
Long Chancery Lane, retentive, rolls the sound,  
And courts to courts return it round and round."—*Dunciad*.

All these people deserve no better answer than a laughing quotation. But we will just admonish some well-meaning persons, not over strong in their understandings, that with respect to the religious part of the business, they are most grossly and "irreligiously" taken in, if they suffer themselves to be persuaded, that it is we who would lessen the divinity of what is really divine. It is these pretended "divines" and their abettors, who lessen it;—those raisers-up of absurd and inhuman imaginations, which they first impudently confound with divine things, and then, because we show the nonsense of the imaginations, as impudently call their expositors blasphemers. Were we inclined to retort their own terms upon them, we should say that there was nothing in the world more "blasphemous" than such charges of blasphemy. The whole secret is just what we have stated. They first assume unworthy notions of the Divine Spirit, and then because that very Spirit is in fact vindicated from their degradations by an exposure of the absurdity and impossibility of such notions, they assume a divine right to denounce the vindicators, and to rouse up all the fears, weakness, and ignorance of society, in defence of the degradation. Of this stuff have the "Scribes, Pharisees, and Hypocrites" in all ages been made, whenever established opinion was to be divested of any of its corruptions. "He blasphemeth!" quoth the modern tribunal. "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" quoth the Quarterly. *This* is the point, which persons who undertake to be didactic in

Reviews, should answer; and not a hundred things which we never said.

There is a more generous indignation which we allow might be felt by some persons upon another point, but still owing to real want of information on the subject. We allude to what has been said in the *Liberal* of the late King. The *Vision of Judgment* was written in a fit of indignation and disgust at Mr. Southey's nonsense; and we confess that had we seen a copy of it in Italy, before it went to press (for we had none by us) we should have taken more pains to explain one or two expressions with regard to that prince. Had the preface, also, entrusted to Mr. Murray, been sent, as it ought to have been, to the new publisher, much of the unintended part of the effect produced upon weak minds would have been explained away at once;—that effect, which the hypocritical enemies of the *Liberal* at once delighted to assist in producing, and most pretended to deprecate. But the virtues of the late King, though of a negative kind, were of a kind nevertheless exceedingly calculated to excite a great many feelings in favour of him in a society like that of England; while his vices (pardon us, dear self-love of our countrymen, for supposing that you *have* vices) were equally calculated to be overlooked in a certain general blindness prevailing on that subject. Yet to those vices,—extreme self-will for instance, sullenness of purpose, a strong natural vindictiveness, &c. was owing the bloody protraction of the American War: to those vices, as well as to Mr. Pitt's haughty sympathy with them, was mainly owing the general war against liberty which was roused among the despots of the continent: and if certain staid and well-intentioned people suppose, that persons quite as moral and as pious as themselves, could not hold the late King in a light very different from their own, and much more revolting than even we hold it, they are most egregiously mistaken. What was thought of George the Third's natural character by a man of the highest respectability, who knew him intimately at court,—to wit, his own Governor when Prince of Wales,—may be seen by those *who wish to do us justice*, in the *Memoirs of James, Earl of Waldegrave*, published by the aforesaid Mr. Murray. See also *Dr. Franklin's Life*, Junius, and the opinion of Mr. Southey's friend, the author of *Gebir*. What the Earl of Waldegrave prophesied of that character, may be seen also in Mr. Murray's publication. We think that prophecy came to pass. The most pious and virtuous person we ever knew, even in the ordinary sense of those terms (and she might have stood by the side of the most virtuous, in the most extraordinary) thought so too, and taught some of us to think so in our childhood. The ruin of her family and prospects was brought upon her, to her knowledge, by that Prince's temper and obstinacy; and though the strict religious way in which she was brought up might have induced her to carry too far her opinion of the *cause* of that calamitous and awful affliction under which he suffered, the parasites of

his memory are under a much greater mistake, when instead of turning their knowledge on that point to its great and proper account (which has never yet been hinted even in this great nation of reasoning freemen!) they fancy they can put down all thoughts upon such subjects, and all the unfortunate consequences of such *facts*, by raising a hypocritical cry against a few hasty expressions, uttered in that very spirit of sympathy with the community at large, which they count as nothing.

We cannot close this advertisement without adding our cordial voice (truly humble on the present occasion) to the universal harmony prevailing in England on the subject of the glorious rights and equally glorious behaviour of Spain. We must also say, how much surprise and relief have been afforded to us by the political plain-speaking (granting even it ends in little more) of the accomplished person who has succeeded that vizor of a statesman, Lord Castlereagh.

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A fine story, illustrative of the great Eastern dogma of fatality, has been told somewhere by Voltaire. He says, that Solomon was one day walking out of doors with somebody, when the latter, with much consternation, said, "Who is this terrible figure approaching? He fills me with horror. Send me, I pray thee, to the remotest mountain of India." Solomon, in his quality of magician, sent him thither accordingly. The figure by this time had come up, and addressing the monarch, said, "Solomon, how came that person to be walking here? I was to have fetched him from the remotest mountain of India." "*Angel of Death*," replied Solomon, "thou wilt find him there."

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#### RHYMES TO THE EYE.

BY A DEAF GENTLEMAN.

I long'd for Dublin, thinking there to laugh  
With jolly tipplers o'er their usquebaugh;  
For I've a merry heart, and love that juice,  
Which London hath not good at any price.  
Thither I went; but once ('twas at the Plough)  
Some time uncounted after I'd enough,  
I sallied forth, and in the street, alas!  
I plunged into a horrible fracas,—  
So horrible, that all my bones did ach,  
And I was forced to ride home in a coach,  
Entreating Dora to achieve a *pot*  
Of salve from the Chirurgical Depot.\*

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\* I am aware this rhyme may be carped at. However, Pope rhymed "way" and "away" together, and that is good authority. For my part, I think "pot" and "pot" rhyme very well together.—*Note by the Deaf Gentleman*



Truly I cannot boast of such eclat  
 As could my friend, whose sword, this way and that,  
 Brandish'd through Islington and Highgate *thorps*,--  
 For he belongs unto the Light Horse Corps!  
 Next morn I had a great mind to indict  
 The bludgeoneers, but could not well convict;  
 And fain was I to take their promises  
 Of good behaviour touching many bruises.  
 But if again they catch me in that region,  
 (Well-named *Ire*-land) since I am not a lion,  
 The world may call me fool, and I'll say—"yes,"  
 For I don't like bones batter'd and black eyes.  
 No! rather would I to Constantinople,  
 Although the Turk's-men are a strange people,  
 And I've no predilection for the plague,  
 Than drink in a continued fearful *ague*.

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FROM THE TECHNICAL REPOSITORY.

*On strengthening or weakening the Springs of Gun-Locks, &c.  
 at pleasure. By Mr. EZEKIEL BAKER.\**

24, Whitechapel Road, Feb. 27th, 1822.

SIR,—In taking leave to request you will lay before the Society the accompanying model of an improvement in gun-locks, I trust the merit of the invention will induce the Society duly to appreciate its advantages; and I shall consider the labour and expense as amply compensated by their approbation. The following explanation is necessary, for clearly comprehending the advantages to be derived from its adoption.

It is well known, that the main-springs of all locks lose their strength, either from wear, or from the effects of climate; as, also, that the flints become thick from use;—either of which are, of themselves, sufficient to cause the locks to miss fire. This was, perhaps, more particularly exemplified by the volunteer regiments, on field-days, when embodied during the late war; and the fact has been corroborated by many veteran soldiers, as having occurred too frequently, on the field of battle.

Now, Sir, my invention will remove all this. It consists in a regulating screw-pin, which is placed behind the hammer, through the solid piece of the lock-plate. This pin, when screwed down by the soldier with the common turncrew (which, it is well known, he invariably carries, to put in his flint, &c.), acts upon the short end of the main-spring; by forcing which, its strength is increased, and more fire is consequently drawn from the hammer; so that, in either of the instances alluded to, fire is produced, when it would otherwise fail. On the other hand, when a new flint is introduced, the power of the main-spring may be lessened,

\* From Vol. XL. of the Transactions of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce.--The Society voted its Silver Vulcan Medal to Mr. Baker, for this discovery.

by turning the screw-pin backwards: by which means the flint is prevented from breaking; as frequently happens, when put into a lock upon the present construction.

Having alluded to the more important consideration of rendering musket-locks perfect in the field of battle, I have now to state, that the same improvement will apply to the guns of gentlemen-sportsmen, and will prevent the locks from missing fire, when an experienced shot would, otherwise, have made sure of bagging his game. I have, for many months, experienced its advantages; and have the satisfaction of testimonials from some of the most experienced game-keepers, whose whole lives have been devoted to the sports of the field. Those of his Grace the Duke of Bedford, Lord Petre, and Sir Thomas Lennard, are, of themselves, sufficient; but I have many others, equally favourable to my improvement.

I should remark, that, to all new locks, the invention can be applied *without any additional expense*; but to old locks, in most instances, it will be necessary to have a new main-spring, as the stud which holds it steady on the plate is usually placed on the middle of the short end of the spring; and consequently, the regulating screw, if applied to these, might chance either to break itself, or break the main-spring: whereas, in a new lock, I place the stud on the bend of the spring, which enables it to play freely, without fear of injuring either the one or the other. I also make the hole in the eye of the spring, oblong; so as to enable it to play more easily up or down, as occasion may require, than the round hold permits.

This invention may be applied, with equal benefit, to the locks of doors, and spring-bolts, of every description; when, from weakness, or any other cause, the springs lose their power: and the great advantage is, that my improvement may be adopted at a very trifling expense.

Having explained the ease with which my invention may be applied, I will not take up more of your valuable time; but shall be happy to wait on the Society, at their convenience, and furnish every information which may be required, for a clearer elucidation than I may be able to convey on paper. I am, Sir, &c. &c. &c.

EZEKIEL BAKER.

A. AIKIN, Esq. Sec. &c. &c.

P. S. I am well aware, that the *hammer-springs* of saddle-pistol and gun-locks have been, long since, made with a similar provision to the above; but I believe its application to the *main-springs*, where it is of so much more importance, had never been made by any one, previous to my doing it.

## BURNET AND SWIFT.

In the Lansdowne Library, is a copy of Burnet's *History of his own Times*, with marginal notes in Swift's hand writing. Those given below are sufficiently characteristic.

"Burnet. 'The Earl of Argyle was a more solemn sort of man, grave and sober, and free of all scandalous vices.'—Swift. 'As a man is free of a corporation, he means.'

"Burnet. 'I will not enter farther into the military part; for I remember an advice of Marshal Schomberg, never to meddle in military matters. His observation was, 'Some affected to relate those affairs in all the terms of war, in which they committed great errors, that exposed them to the scorn of all commanders, who must despise relations that pretend to exactness, when there were blunders in every part of them.'—Swift. 'Very foolish advice, for soldiers cannot write.'

"Burnet. 'Upon the king's death, the Scots proclaimed his son king, and sent over Sir George Wincan, that married my great aunt, to treat with him while he was in the Isle of Jersey.'—Swift. 'Was that the reason why he was sent?'

"Burnet. (Speaking of the Scotch preachers in the time of the civil wars.) 'The crowds were far beyond the capacity of their churches or the reach of their voices.'—Swift. 'And the preaching beyond the capacity of the crowd. I believe the church had as much capacity as the minister.'

"Burnet. (Speaking of *Paradise Lost*.) 'It was esteemed the *beautifullest* and *perfectest* poem that ever was writ, at least in *our language*.'—Swift. 'A mistake! for it is in *English*.'

"Burnet. 'Patrick was esteemed a great preacher, \* \* but a little too severe against those who differed from him—He became afterwards more moderate.'—Swift. 'Yes, for he turned a rank whig.'

"Burnet. 'And yet, after all, he (King Charles II.) never treated her (Nell Gwyn) with the *decencies* of a mistress.'—Swift. 'Pray what *decencies* are those?'

"Burnet. 'It seems, the French made no great account of their prisoners, for they released 25,000 Dutch for 50,000 crowns.'—Swift. 'What! ten shillings a-piece! By much too dear for a Dutchman.'

"Burnet. 'I laid open the cruelties of the church of Rome in Queen Mary's time, which were not then known; and I *aggravated*, though *very truly*, the danger of falling under the power of that religion.'—Swift. 'A *bull*!'

"Burnet. 'Home was convicted on the credit of *one* evidence.—Applications, 'tis true, were made to the Duke of York for saving his life: but he was not born under a *pardonning planet*.'—Swift. 'Silly fop!'

"Burnet. 'Baillie suffered several hardships and fines, for being supposed to be in the Rye-house plot; yet during this he seemed so composed, and ever so cheerful, that his behaviour looked like the revival of the spirit of the noblest Greeks and Romans.'—Swift. 'Take notice, he was *our cousin*.'

"Burnet. 'I come now to the year 1688, which proved memorable, and produced an extraordinary and *unheard of* revolution.'—Swift. 'The devil's in that! Sure all Europe *heard of it*.'

"Burnet. 'When I had the first account of King James's flight, I was affected with this dismal reverse of fortune in a great prince, more than I think fit to express.'—Swift. 'Or than I will believe.' [British Critic.]

FROM THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

## A QUAKER'S ADVICE TO HIS NEPHEW ON THE SUBJECT OF MARRIAGE.

ESTEEMED NEPHEW,—I have received thy letter containing an application for my advice in thy choice of a wife, and now send thee such counsels as mine own experience of the married state,

together with many years' reading of books, and long study of mankind, can furnish in the matter. It appeareth thou intendest to establish thyself in the world, and in order thereto art now looking out for a wife, with whom thou mayst wisely unite the destiny of thy life: in which, John, I think thou doest perfectly right, as I would advise all persons, both male and female, to marry; and do consider the life of a single person as valueless, and lost to the world.

Choose then thy wife out of a family, respectable, however low their station; not disgraced by any servile occupation or ignominious office, but known in their situation of life for consistency and honesty of practice. Let it be a liberal and virtuous family; one remarkable for kindness and liberality of sentiment and for rectitude of principle, and one in which the most entire reverence is paid to religion, for that, John, is the foundation of all virtues, and all happiness. And this advice I give, in consequence of its being found too surely to be the fact, that the offspring partakes of the principles of the family wherein it is reared; that the child imbibes, like the air that surrounds it, the feelings and dispositions which float about its tender age, and that frail and faulty children generally proceed from parents who, in their day, have lapsed from the path of virtue. For the act generally argueth the principle in the parents, and the principle lives after the act is passed, and continues to spread its influence, and proclaim its character in the social circle, and in the family. On the other hand, from a religious education well principled children generally come. From sound instructions and religious examples corresponding effects ensue. Exceptions may be found on each side of the case, but the body of the rule is not to be impugned. I would also put thee on the watch to observe that thy wife's relations be agreeable, and such as it will please thee to consort with, as this is naturally to be expected; and that they be not numerous, lest they become at any time burdensome to thee; and that they do not all live too near to the place in which thou meanest to reside, lest thou see too much of them, and disgust, the natural consequence of familiarity, result from thy too great intimacy with them. For it is not to be denied, that, in marrying, one marries not only to the wife but to the family; and that it is necessary to consider and examine them, only second to the lady herself. I do not say that if the woman of thy choice be a virtuous woman thou shouldst, on account of the objections to be made to the relations, reject her: for a virtuous woman is beyond all price; she has every thing within herself, and can effectually reconcile to her husband the want or absence of all other friends in the world. But if other circumstances were the same, as if it were possible for thy affections to be equally directed to two women at once, the same in acquirements and fortune, one with many or unpleasant relations, the other with few and those desirable, I would not have thee hesitate a moment in choosing the latter.

Take care that there exists a strict congeniality between you in the following points: in religion, and in political ideas, for without a similarity in these all thoughts of happiness is but a dream; for they are vital and essential points, and are constantly recurring as matters of observation or discourse. Let the congeniality which I am recommending extend to another point, and be equally observable in the love of home: this is an unequivocal virtue on which (unlike religion or politics) no two opinions, so long as the mind is not perverted, can be held: and it is one of the most essential in the compound of requisites which go to form the basis of happiness in the marriage state. She should show a decided attachment to home and its duties, and be distinguished for the domestic affections. If she is fond of gadding abroad, alone, or in mixed company; if she is dying for visiting, and fond to excess of the rattle and perturbation which precede and follow any departure from home, she is not a suitable wife for thee, and is not, or ought not to be, in this, congenial to thyself. Home is, of all others, the place on which thou must ultimately depend for comfort. Consistently with this feeling, thy wife must be capable of discharging the duties of a mistress, and doubtless will be so, if drawn from a family such as I depicted in the commencement of this letter. She must superintend the concerns of thy household, pervade all, and assist in many; she must understand the nature of the business which she commits to her servants to execute, and, when thou art absent, be able to manage the house with fidelity, skill, and despatch.

I caution thee against fixing thy choice on a reader of novels or romances, or the like. Such an one will spend the summer's day in lolling on the couch, decyphering a worthless book, uneasy in posture, impaired in health, and disinclined to exercise and the kisses of the refreshing breeze; such an one, instead of preserving thy substance, will waste it. Not that the books I speak of are, in this our age, all worthless and to be reprobated; a great proportion are not so; but it is a capital mischief resulting from them that, although they may do no harm, yet they engross the time which might be spent over books, or, generally, in occupations infinitely more beneficial and improving.

In speaking of the portion thou mayst expect with thy wife I shall perhaps express sentiments foreign from the general run of the times: I recommend thee to prefer a competency to a great fortune, as the latter might induce some women to presume on the obligation under which they would conceive thou layest to them; but the latter will insure thy wife's dependence upon thee, and make her look up to thee and rely upon thee more, as she sees thee more disinterested, and more devoted to exertions on her behalf. Besides, a competency only will give a greater impulse to thy industry. Thou seest that I do not inculcate a total neglect of money; in the present state of things it is highly desirable, on account of many comforts which it is impossible to procure without



it. And doubtless I think thou wouldst not do thy duty to thyself, or the family into which thou mayst expect to marry where thou wert not to receive a shilling on thy marriage,—this I say subject to the contingency of thy meeting a really virtuous wife; for if thou art quite sure that such a prize is within thy grasp, I say, as I said before, that she is invaluable, and that she ought to be seized at the risk or neglect of every other earthly consideration.

Whatever be her circumstances take care, if it lies in thy power, that her ideas on matters connected with money be properly liberal. Let it be thy chief aim to steer clear of that narrowness of conduct and sentiment which is too frequently to be found in women. Whence it arises, I know not, but I think that they are more inclined to the feeling than the men, who labour for the gold. In this, of course, as in the practice of all other virtues, thou must set her the example; and thou wilt have no reason to complain of her, if thou hast shown thyself deficient in the same points.

As for thy wife's person (of which I have not been impatient to speak, as I would not have thee make it a primary object) I would rather she should be distinguished by mediocrity only in beauty; and this not only for the reason for which I dissuaded excess of money, but because it is desirable, that she should not have attractions for men so powerful, that those who see her rivet their gaze upon her; gazes which will hurt her if she have much diffidence, and if she have not, will tend to corrupt her mind, and make her as culpable as the men themselves are. The style of features in many women, which the world calls uninteresting, would deserve the name of good looks, if accompanied by worth and purity; therefore when I see a woman not much distinguished by personal attractions, I exclaim, she is beautiful enough, if she is good.

Let her, however, if possible, be such as will do thee credit in company, and in the eyes of other people. Certain it is that a man must marry to please more than himself if he wish to live in the enjoyment of tranquillity. Let me be rightly understood; she must have becoming and sterling features, a portly figure and manner, and a superior air and carriage in general.

Let her mental qualifications be all that virtuous ladies usually possess. Let her be mistress of every accomplishment which does not carry mischief with it. In acquirements which are calculated to strengthen and mature the judgment take care that she be not wanting; for if her judgment be strikingly beneath thine own, there will be danger of its sometimes exciting thy contempt; and all occasion of contempt should be as carefully avoided as of hatred, for qualities of an hateful aspect are not more surely calculated to interrupt connubial happiness.

Of the more volatile parts, which are generally comprehended under the name of wit, it is different; for these should be always in mediocrity, and not at the height of acuteness. Too sparkling, and too lively, she will attract observation and attentions, which may in-

terfere with your mutual happiness; and if her wit be too visibly superior to thine own, she will be apt to exercise her talent at thy expense, and to thy uneasiness. For it is to be lamented how rarely acuteness of talent exists with judgment commensurate with it, and how rarely it is marked by forbearance and good-nature in its possessors.

I would rather that thy wife were marked by modesty, if at the expense of her wit, for modesty is an indispensable qualification, and a jewel which never tires the eye. There is a principle of modesty implanted in our being by the same hand which implanted our passions, and marked more strongly in the female sex than in the male, which it requires the grossest violation of nature, and the utmost blackness of depravity in us, to subdue or expel. Think not thyself the happier if thy wife has shown thee a preference, in regard of which modesty was overlooked; for if it be overlooked towards thyself, there is always great danger that it will be forgotten towards others. The character which seems the most natural for women to be dressed in, in the relation which they bear to their husband, is that of lovely dependence. I mean that the woman of thy choice should have the kindness and delicacy of a female, that she should raise her eyes to thee, and place upon thee her whole reliance for protection and kindness. This should be accompanied with a cheerful frankness, the parent of confidence, and that unrestrained communication of thought and feeling which identifies the souls of man and wife as one. I will not omit to mention that thy nature, John, being pensive and thoughtful, it will best suit thee to meet with a cheerful and lively temper in thy wife. I affirm not that every one should look for a temper opposite to his own in these engagements: but I maintain that too thoughtful a frame of mind is liable to beget unhappiness, when unrelieved by cheerfulness and vivacity. She should be mistress of prepossessing manners and a gentle address, calculated not to strike but to please; and should be well tutored in the performance of those inferior civilities and attentions, which are scarcely less amiable than a habit of general benevolence. The qualities which I have prescribed imply an absence of all testiness and irritable feeling, which, under the best disposition, may embitter every kind of social life; of all coldness, which is the grave of love, and, radically, incompatible with the conjugal character; and of the unfortunate failing of feminine loquacity, an exemption from which will be meritorious in proportion as the instances of it are uncommon. Testiness in a wife is calculated to irritate a man, coldness to alienate him, and loquacity to madden him.

Last, but not least in importance, let me advise thee first carefully to assure thyself of the state of thy beloved's affections as towards thyself, and to ascertain beyond the reach of doubt that she is well disposed towards thee. For it is observable that the greatest goodness may exist, and that both parties may be equally amiable and estimable, and still be wanting in this bias of their hearts

towards each other. Young people are often deceived by warm feelings. There are flights and eccentric motions which imitate love, as there are meteors and shooting lights which represent stars; but they are equally fallacious, equally the phantoms of heat, and equally fugitive.

I have written fully to thee, and know not that I have any thing to add, but should I find any thing more to mention I will put it in the form of a postscript. That I wish thee every good that falls within the sphere of humanity thou canst not doubt; and wishing that thou mayst well succeed in thy present search, and that God may direct thee to a wife amiable and virtuous, and possessing all the qualities I have above described, I subscribe myself, esteemed kinsman John, thy friend,

JACOB WEAVERS.

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FROM BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

#### CALCUTTA—THE EXCHANGE.

TILL of late years, Calcutta did not possess a public place of meeting for transacting business; and as this must appear an essential requisite to European mercantile men, it may be as well to explain by what means it was so long dispensed with.

In the first place, formerly, and perhaps still, all sales were made through the medium of native brokers, or *Banyans*, at a nominal agency of three per cent., but in many cases their per centage was only bounded by the power of laying on, for as to their conscience, it is quite ductile, and may be stretched to any length. Every house in Calcutta was furnished with one of those faithful servants, who often were in reality the masters of the concern; and so little did their principles know of what is esteemed indispensable in this country, that when I was in Bengal, though one man might be a tolerable judge of indigo, and another of cotton, yet I was told on authority, that I have no reason to question, that there were not in all Calcutta six Europeans who understood the qualities of the staple commodities of the country; and, to my certain knowledge, there are many eminent merchants, who could not tell the difference between the very best and very worst of the goods by which they were making their fortunes. All this information, therefore, as well as the current prices of the Bazar, had to be taken on the word of the Banyans, in so much, that a gentleman who is, and I believe justly, considered as the most acute mercantile man in Calcutta, once sold a parcel of saltpetre at the price some had been sold the week before, without consulting his sable oracle, and found, to his mortification, that he had got about thirty per cent. less than he might have done. It is but justice, however, to these gentlemen, to state, that those sent out for the purpose of purchasing cotton for houses in Liverpool, Glasgow, and Manchester, were not much more *au fait* at their business

than the Orientals. In my presence, several of them were shown a sample of the best Sea Island cotton, which they declared to be pretty good Bengal cutchoura, the former being about four times the value of the latter.

When a direct communication was to be made between two mercantile men, it was done by a note, or, as it is there called, a *chit*, and bargains of the greatest importance were made by that means in perfect security, for their legality was never disputed; this, perhaps, did not arise from any greater honesty in the good people of Calcutta, but necessity and expediency established a code of honour among all degrees, which, for the good of the whole, must be kept inviolable.

For a long time, all kinds of property, even landed and heritable, were transferred without the slightest inconvenience, but the arrival of a conveyancer in the settlement put an end to this golden age of irregular proceedings. Since that happy event, though the *chit* sales have never been questioned, yet such is the security which law affords to property in this fortunate land, that from the time that the meaning of four lines has been put beyond question, by being extended by legal precision to forty pages, litigation of rights and titles to landed property has become a principal source of annual income to the attorneys and barristers; and people who might formerly have been bound by a sense of honour which was not to be broken, now only seek for a legal loop-hole to escape through, and "leaving the fear of God on the left hand, and, hiding their honour in their *avarice*, scruple not to hedge, and lurch, and shuffle," as their counsel, learned in the law-service of the realm, may be pleased to direct. We have only to be thankful that the law has not as yet spread her protecting wings over commercial bargains, else the Supreme Court would be under the necessity of being reinforced.

To remedy the evils of the Banyan system, to establish a price-current from well authenticated documents, to procure a properly qualified European as a broker, to establish a sample-room for sales of goods, and to form a place of meeting for transacting business, the Exchange was established. This took place about the middle of the year 1818; and a set of public spirited merchants made a point of attending at first to set the thing fairly a-going; but finding it an agreeable lounge, it was soon after frequented on its own account, and whether or not it will produce all the good effects proposed by its projectors, there is no doubt that it will keep its ground as a place of public resort.

The hall selected for this purpose had formerly been a sale-room, or large shop, where English goods were sold on commission. It consisted of the whole ground-floor of a house partially divided by a double range of square pillars, from which spring arches to support the pillars of the chambers above. In the upper end of the room, smaller apartments were partitioned off, by a curtain of masonry, for the display of samples, meetings of committees, and

the accommodation of a business room for the clerk of the institution. The further division of the large room was railed off, and furnished with tables for newspapers and periodical works, at which are to be seen the idle part of the population, half asleep, studying, with most laudable gravity, venerable files of English newspapers, the whole contents of which they have long before perused *verbatim* in the Calcutta daily prints. In the centre of the other two rooms are to be seen groups walking to and fro, standing in earnest conversation, consulting in a corner in half whispers, or anxiously conning over the list of arrivals and departures of vessels, which, for their edification, is posted on a board, suspended from a pillar in the centre of the room.

In the midst of the mercantile and maritime frequenters of the Exchange, the soldier is sometimes to be seen; and is easily distinguishable from the every-day denizens of the place, not so much from the smart military cut and bright metal buttons of his white jacket, as by a face bronzed by the climate, and sallow by disease; he is generally sauntering slowly and by himself, with a cast of melancholy in his countenance, probably caused by the calculation of the absolute necessity of returning to his native land to recruit his shattered constitution, with a conviction that his pecuniary resources may probably be incompetent for the purpose; and seeing before him no prospect but certain death in a foreign land, he comes here to make a bargain, if possible, with some master of a free-trader, whose advertisement, after stating all his accommodations and more, ends by referring applicants to the Captain on 'Change.

After taking a leisurely survey of these groups, I walked into the inner room, which I supposed must be the *sanctum* of privacy and business; but, on entering, found that I never was so completely mistaken, for it seemed to be the centre of fun and good stories.

At the head of a large table sat the *Genius loci*, in the shape of the clerk of the Exchange, with a pile of half finished papers before him, of which this hour of bustle had interrupted the progress. He was a thin, sallow young man, who seemed to have his attention keenly bent on his duties, but at the same time, whenever he turned to give directions, or answer queries propounded to him, did so with a promptness and rapidity that showed he was anxious to resume his attitude of listening to the jokes of those about him, and his desk seemed to be the *nucleus* of all such *facetiae*. On his left hand, in an easy-chair, into which he had with some difficulty thrust himself, sat a fat, well favoured, good humoured looking elderly gentleman, whose

"Calm, broad, thoughtless aspect, breath'd repose,"—

the very picture of good living and an easy temper, listening with ill disguised pleasure to a warmish story, which a stout athletic Irishman was telling, with all the characteristic humour of his na-



tion, the surrounding group thrusting in their heads so as not to lose the slightest word—some of them with a half formed smile on their countenances, ready to burst out into *guffa* at the expected catastrophe, while others, though they would not leave the story unheard, kept repeating the word *shocking* at proper intervals during the narrative.

In a corner, stood a strong broad-shouldered, carrot-haired, slovenly, coarse-looking Scotchman, busily noting down some information which a little placid quaker-like gentleman was reading from a letter he held in his hand—the first was the editor of a Calcutta paper who soon after abandoned his literary career for one as hopeless and less profitable, a wild-goose scheme of clearing the island of Saugur in the mouth of the Ganges of jungle, where he found the aborigines (tigers and alligators) more a match for him than his political opponents, and, as every one expected, he soon lost his health, and is now, I believe, enjoying the fruits of his folly in Scotland.

The other was a mercantile man, a universal favourite in the settlement, from a happy combination in his constitution of the kindest heart, and most mild and inoffensive manners, with great talents and information.—He was intended for the Scotch church, and what was wonderful, considering his intellect, he was a Highlander. I afterwards dined with him, and obtained a great deal of valuable information concerning the Guebers and Persees, a numerous race in the N. W. part of India; but whose manners and customs, from their patriarchal and secluded mode of life, are little known to Europeans in general; but he, from being connected with them in business, had abundant opportunities of observation, and he possesses a fund of information with regard to them which must be of interest to the general reader, and of inestimable value to the classical, as they are the legitimate descendants of the ancient Persians, and exhibit to an astonishing degree the same features of manners and religion of their ancestors, as far as our limited knowledge of their habits allows us to judge. If you think meet, I'll give you a letter to him, as there are few of your contributors who might not be proud to have their articles appear in the same Number with his.

It was here I was first introduced to G—— T——, with whose friendship I was afterwards honoured. In him, talent, genius, and industry, amply supplied the want of an academic education, and made him (though belonging to a profession generally supposed inimical to literature) an elegant scholar, and accomplished gentleman. He was the friend of Roscoe, and seemed to imitate him in his literary pursuits; and had it pleased God to spare him for a few years longer, there can be little doubt that he would have equalled, if not excelled, his model. Poor fellow, he is now no more; he fell a victim to a disease at once acute and lingering, which he bore with the firmness of a man, and the resignation of a Christian, and left to his friends the melancholy consolation, that he

was admired and esteemed by all who knew him; and though his days on this earth had been few, no one of them had ever passed over his head without adding something to his mental acquirements.

He was one of the first friends that Washington Irving had in Great Britain, and they kept up a close correspondence till the day of his death. Indeed, it is impossible to suppose that two men of minds and dispositions so similar as theirs should have come in contact, without being ever after reciprocally attached to each other.

While in Calcutta, his mercantile avocations left him but little time to dedicate to his favourite studies; but some short pieces in prose and verse, in the Calcutta papers, show what he could have done, had he had time and opportunity. The one that attracted most notice, was a *jeu d'esprit* written in the style of the Chaldee MS., which he at that time had never seen; and which, without taking from the merit of Mr. Hogg, or whoever else was the author of that admirable production, was at least equal to it. Some people may think that I have been led away by private friendship to say so much in praise of this extraordinary young man. I do not deny that what I have said comes from my heart; but those who know me, will never accuse me of being lavish in commendation, even of my best friends.

After repeated investigation into the mercantile character of the East, which I had ample opportunities of making on the Exchange and elsewhere, I think I am safe in saying, that a Calcutta merchant is, *qua* a merchant, a better man than any of the class I have met with elsewhere, though it is impossible to eradicate entirely the selfish feelings inherent in human nature, and which mercantile pursuits above all tend to cherish, (*vide* Adam Smith, *passim*) yet they may be regulated and directed; and this is strongly exemplified in these gentlemen, in their transactions with the rest of the world and each other: even in their appearance there is none of the quick, seizing, over-reaching expression so observable in men of the same class in Glasgow or Liverpool; and many things practised in these respectable communities, and looked upon as rather clever and praiseworthy, would stamp a *vitandum* on any man on the Exchange of Calcutta. Indeed, the traders of the last named port fairly lost caste in the eyes of their brethren of Bengal, by practising some manœuvres, which at home might be looked upon as mighty smart stratagems; but these were considered as pieces of low chicanery and humbug, of which no man in the character of a gentleman would be guilty, and a sharp looking after all bargains with them was the immediate consequence.

I left the Exchange, so much pleased with it, that I made it a constant haunt while I remained in Bengal, and in it I saw more of the character of my countrymen of the East in one day, than if I had dined at a formal party every day of the year.

COLIN BANNATYNE, P. R. N.

Rothsay, 4th April, 1823.

VOL. III. No. 13.—*Museum*.

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TABULAR ESTIMATE OF SOME LEADING MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

TABULAR ESTIMATE OF SOME LEADING MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.												
NAMES.	INTELLECTUAL CAPACITY.				EXTERNAL APPEARANCE.				EFFECT.		Predominating Character.	
	Resources.	Judgment.	Logic.	Self-possession.	Voice.	Language.	Style.	Manner.	Expression.	Power.		Impression.
Mr. CANNING.	Inherent, considerable; acquired, light and lively, rather than profound.	Considerable.	Specious and tolerably clear.	Considerable.	Deep.	Showy.	Elaborate.	Theatrical.	Open and manly.	Very great.	In the House great; without, considerable. Perhaps increasing in both.	Wit.
Mr. BROUGHAM.	Inherent, very considerable; acquired, various rather than profound.	Great.	Close and powerful.	Very great.	Loud and clear.	Strong.	Clear and forcible.	Austere.	Sombre, but shrewd.	Immense.	Very great, both in the House and without.	Strong in-vec-tive.
Mr. F. ROBINSON.	Both inherent & acquired, very considerable.	Admirable.	Clear and satisfactory.	Doubtful.	Soft.	Correct.	Simple and natural.	Mild and prepos-sessing.	Candid and diffident.	Great.	Great, both in the House and without.	Reasoning
Sir F. BURDETT.	Inherent, great, but not cul-tivated.	Dubious.	Clear, but occasion-ally inter-rupted.	Conside-rable.	Very soft.	Happy.	Artless, but at times in-volved.	Haughty and reserved.	Firm.	Great.	Great, both in the House and without.	Declama-tion.
Mr. HURDISON.	Inherent, very great; acquired, also very great, and more pro-found than lively.	Very great.	Perspicu-ous and acute.	Com-plete.	Wiry.	Plain.	Simple.	Unassum-ing, but de-cided.	Shrewd and firm.	Very great.	Very great, both in the House and without.	Reasoning
Mr. RICARDO.	Inherent, very great; acquired, limited and to-pical.	Admirable.	Subtle.	Perfect.	Small.	Plain.	Neat.	Gentle.	Candid.	Great.	Great, both in the House and without.	Reasoning
Mr. PEELE.	Inherent, not great; acquired, common-place.	Sometimes defective.	Confused.	Not great.	Clear.	Common	Flippant.	Conceited.	Irreso-lute and sus-picious.	Not very great.	Moderate, rather decreasing	Canting.
Sir J. Mac-KINTOSH.	Inherent, great; acquired, showy, rather than phi-losophic or prac-tical.	Conside-rable.	Clear, but diffuse.	Conside-rable.	Croaking	Showy.	Rhetorical.	Artificial.	Doubtful	Great.	In the House great, but not lasting; without, increasing.	Declama-tion.

Inherent, limited.

Mr. WYNN.	Inherent, limited; acquired, formal and common place.	Very deficient	Imperfect.	Considerable.	Squeaking.	Feeble.	Confused.	Grating.	Arrogant	Inconsiderable.	Small.	Retailing.
Mr. HONE.	Inherent, considerable; acquired, details, rather than general principles.	Variable.	Defective.	Complete.	Strong.	Plain.	Harsh and unconnected.	Hard.	Cool.	Great.	In the House, not very great; without, very great.	Intuitive perception.
Mr. TIERNES.	Inherent, great; acquired, very limited.	Considerable.	Forcible, but not always close.	Complete.	Clear.	Happy.	Colloquial, but neat.	Familiar.	Shrewd.	Very great.	In the House, considerable; without, not so great.	Irony.
Mr. HOBHOUSE.	Both inherent & acquired, limited.	Questionable.	Rather loose.	Considerable.	Unmusical.	Strong, but harsh.	Inflated.	Forward.	Pert.	Limited.	Limited, both in the House and without.	Cavilling.
Sir R. WILSON.	Both inherent & acquired, moderate.	Defective.	Vague and interrupted.	Doubtful.	Wiry.	Unequal.	Sketchy.	Violent.	Querulous.	Limited.	Very limited.	Asserting.
Mr. WILBERFORCE.	Both inherent & acquired, considerable.	Moderate.	Subtle, but often confused.	Perfect.	Silvery.	Flowing.	Loosely rhetorical.	Insinuating	Smooth.	Great.	Very great, both in the House and without.	Persuasion.
Mr. J. MACDONALD.	Inherent, moderate; acquired, considerable.	Moderate.	Connected, but not clear.	Very considerable.	Clear.	Plain.	Natural.	Mild.	Candid.	Considerable.	Considerable, both in the House and without.	Reasoning.
Mr. ABERCROMBY.	Both inherent & acquired, moderate.	Very great.	Clear, but formal.	Complete.	Hard.	Simple.	Simple.	Decided.	Candid.	Considerable.	Considerable, both in the House and without.	Reasoning.
Mr. PLUNKETT.	Both inherent & acquired, very considerable.	Very great.	Acute, but occasionally sophistical.	Perfect.	Sharp.	Choice.	Uncommonly neat and pointed.	Very decided and imposing.	Energetic.	Immense.	Very great in the House; without, considerable.	Keen inductive.
Sir J. COPLER.	Inherent, great; acquired, considerable.	Great.	Close, but partial.	Complete.	Uniflexible.	Plain.	Neat.	Forcible.	Shrewd.	Great.	Very considerable, both in the House and without.	Reasoning.

*Sketch of a System of the Philosophy of the Human Mind.*  
By THOMAS BROWN, M.D. Professor of Moral Philosophy in  
the University of Edinburgh.

*Lectures on the Philosophy of the Human Mind.* By the late  
THOMAS BROWN, M.D. &c. &c.

[From an article upon these works in the Monthly Review, we extract the first paragraph, and then, passing to the end, copy the notice of the ethical part of the Lectures.]

THE acuteness and analytic spirit of the late amiable Professor Brown were early in life made known to the world by his strictures on Darwin, and by his profound Essay on the Relation of Cause and Effect. The "Sketch" now before us is a fragment printed by him when in a declining state of health, as a text-book for the students attending his class; and the "Lectures" are a posthumous publication. All these productions exhibit the same characters of mind, viz. great freedom of inquiry, patience of research, and subtilty of investigation, joined to a humble consciousness of the limited sphere of the human faculties, and to a lively sense of the omnipresence of a superintending Providence. Considering how much the mind of man is liable to be warped by established predilections, and how much habits of controversy tend to impart tenacity to favourite opinions, it is in no slight degree creditable to Dr. Brown that he generally places the arguments of his opponents in the clearest point of view, and waives all minor and technical objections in order to meet the very thing signified.

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The inquiry into a man's duty towards his fellow-creatures, his Creator, and himself, is conducted through all its parts by Dr. Brown not only with much good sense and propriety of expression, but, on many occasions, with great felicity of illustration and genuine eloquence. As a specimen of his manner when he gives scope to his powers, we copy a passage in which, with but little toleration of excesses that may be fashionable, or that a great authority might pronounce in some cases to be venial, he descants on the crime of adultery.

"Let us imagine," says he, "one of those domestic groups which form, to the lover of happiness, one of the loveliest spectacles with which the earth is embellished,—a family, in the small circle of which there is no need of distracting and noisy gaieties without, because there are constant tranquillity and enjoyment *within*,—in which the pleasure of loving is, in the bosom of the wedded pair, a delight, that, as blending in one uniform emotion with the pleasure of being loved, is scarcely to be distinguished from that affection which is ever flowing around it,—a delight that grows not weaker, but more intense, by diffusion to the little frolickers around, who, as yet, know little more than the affection which they feel, and the affection of which they are the objects,—but who are rising into virtue, amid the happiness which virtue sheds. In considering such a scene, would it require any very long and subtle effort of reflection to determine what would be the *greatest injury*, which human malice could devise against it, if it were in the power of malice to execute every atrocity which it might conceive? It would be that very injury which the adulterer perpetrates,—the crime of *him* who can see all this happiness, and can say in his heart, *This happiness shall exist no longer*. A time may indeed come, when, if his artifices be successful, this happiness *will* exist no more,



—when she, who was once as innocent as she was happy, shall have been consigned to that remorse, which is to hurry her, too slowly for her own wishes, to the grave,—and when the home which she has deserted shall be a place of wretchedness and desolation,—where there is one miserable being, who knows his misery, and others, who still smile, while they inquire anxiously, with a sort of fearful wonder, for the presence of her, whose caresses they no longer enjoy,—and are as yet ignorant that a time is to arrive, when they are to blush at the very name of her, to whose knee and embrace of fondness they are longing to return.

“When Milton describes the leader of the fallen spirits as witnessing, on his entrance into Paradise, the happiness of the first pair, he knew well how necessary it was to the poetic interest which he wished us to feel, in the character and enterprise even of this audacious rebel, that, in the very prospect of executing his infernal purpose, he should have some reluctance, to disturb that beautiful happiness, which was before his eyes:

“O hell! what do mine eyes with grief behold!  
 Into our room of bliss thus high advanced  
 Creatures of other mould—earth-born perhaps,  
 Not spirits—yet to heavenly spirits bright  
 Little inferior;—whom my thoughts pursue  
 With wonder, and could love, so lively shines  
 In them divine resemblance, and such grace  
 The hand that form'd them on their shape hath pour'd:  
 Ah, gentle pair! ye little think how nigh  
 Your change approaches,—when all these delights  
 Will vanish, and deliver ye to wo,—  
 More wo, the more your taste is now of joy.  
 Ill-fenced your heaven to keep out such a foe  
 As now is entered;—yet no purposed foe  
 To you—whom I could pity thus forlorn,  
 Though I unpitied. League with you I seek,  
 And mutual amity.—Hell shall unfold,  
 To entertain you two, her widest gates,  
 And send forth all her kings:—there will be room—  
 Not like these narrow limits—to receive  
 Your numerous offspring:—if no better place,  
 Thank him who puts me, loth, to this revenge—  
 On you, who wrong me not, for him who wrong'd.  
 And should I at your harmless innocence  
 Melt, (as I do,) yet public reason just,  
 Honour and empire with revenge enlarged,  
 By conquering this new world, compel me now  
 To do what else, though damned, I should abhor.\*

“It is similar happiness, which the adulterer invades. But he has not the compunction of the fiend, in invading it. He enters into paradise, *eager to destroy*. He invades it, *because* it is happiness. In many cases, it is his vanity, which he seeks to gratify, far more than his sensual appetite; the beauty with which the eye is most attractive to him, is the love with which it is already beaming on another; and if there were less previous conjugal affection to be overcome, and, therefore, less wretchedness to be produced, by the conquest which he is ambitious of achieving, he would often forbear his seductions, and reserve them for those, who may afford to his insatiable wishes of moral desolation, a greater harvest of misery.

“Such is the adulterer:—and of all this mass of wretchedness which he produces, and of all the iniquity which can calmly meditate and plan such wretchedness, what is the palliation which he assigns? It is the violence of his love alone which he pleads. He is not aware, what aggravation there is of his guilt, in that which he regards, or professes to regard, as the apology of it. If, by love, he mean mere sexual appetite, his excuse is of the same kind, as that of the common robber, who should think, that he had given a moral justification of his rapacity, by describing the debaucheries which it enabled him to pursue, and the difficulty which, without his thefts, he should feel, in visiting as frequently the tavern and the

\* Par. Lost, B. IV. v. 358—392.

brothel. And if, by the love which is asserted, be meant an affection more worthy of that name—what are we to think of the sincerity of his love, who, to gratify his own lust, is eager to plunge into guilt and wretchedness, the very being whom he professes to regard with an interest, which should have led him, if sincere, to *expose* himself, to every thing but guilt, to save her from misery, like that which he is intentionally preparing for her? To speak of *affection*, therefore, or of feelings to which he dares to give the name of *affection*, is, on his part, to double his crime. It is to confess, that, while he is not merely regardless of the happiness of the husband whom he robs, but equally regardless of the happiness of her of whom he robs him, he is as completely and brutally selfish, in his *love*, as he could be in his *indifference* or his *hatred*;—and that the peace, and honour, and virtue of the being, whom he professes to regard as the dearest to him in existence, are, therefore, as nothing, when he must either sacrifice *them*, or make a sacrifice which is far more painful to him, of *one of his own desires*." (Lect. lxxxiv.)

The ensuing remarks relate to a very different subject, and, although perhaps obvious, have not been so often repeated as to have become superfluous. It is a point on which the wise do not always preserve their wisdom, and on which even the good seem sometimes to forget their humanity.

"There is a power in every individual, over the tranquillity of almost every individual. There are emotions, latent in the mind of those whom we meet, which a few words of ours may at any time call forth; and the moral influence which keeps this power over the uneasy feelings of others, under due restraint, is not the least important of the moral influences, in its relation to general happiness.

"There are minds which can delight in exercising this cruel sway,—which rejoice in suggesting thoughts that may poison the confidence of friends, and render the very virtues that were loved, objects of suspicion to him who loved them. In the daily and hourly intercourse of human life, there are human beings, who exert their malicious skill, in devising what subjects may be most likely to bring into the mind of him with whom they converse, the most mortifying remembrances;—who pay visits of condolence, that they may be sure of making grief a little more severely felt;—who are faithful in conveying to every one the whispers of unmerited scandal, of which, otherwise, he never would have heard, as he never could have suspected them,—though, in exercising this friendly office, they are careful to express sufficient indignation against the slanderer, and to bring forward as many grounds of suspicion against different individuals, as their fancy can call up;—who talk to some disappointed beauty, of all the splendid preparations for the marriage of her rival,—to the unfortunate dramatic poet, of the success of the last night's piece, and of the great improvement which has taken place in modern taste;—and who, if they could have the peculiar good fortune of meeting with any one, whose father was hanged, would probably find no subject so attractive to their eloquence, as the number of executions that were speedily to take place.

"Such power *man* may exercise over the feelings of *man*; and, as it is impossible to frame laws which can comprehend injuries of this sort, such power *man* may exercise over *man* with legal impunity. But it is a power, of which the *virtuous* man will as little think of availing himself, for purposes of cruelty, as if a thousand laws had made it as criminal as it is immoral;—a power which he will as little think of exercising, because it would require only the utterance of a few easy words, as of inflicting a mortal blow, because it would require only a single motion of his hand." (Lect. lxxxv.)

Professor B.'s observations on the goodness of the Supreme Being contain much matter condensed into a small compass; and we earnestly recommend the perusal of them to those whom the scepticism or Manicheism insinuated in some of the fashionable poetry of the day may have taught to trifle, instead of reflecting gravely, on so important a question. Indeed, the serious and fervent but unobtrusive and charitable piety of the author has impres-

sed marks of genuineness and sincerity on these reflections, which make them in the highest degree estimable and interesting; and the scoffer must rise from the perusal of them restrained by the seriousness and impressiveness of the writer, while the man of patient reflection will confess his views of Providence to be confirmed and enlarged by them, and every motive to virtuous and honourable exertion invigorated.

The celebrated Pestalozzi intends to publish a periodical work upon Education, and upon Elementary Instruction. In his prospectus he says, "I have devoted my whole life to investigating the best means of instructing youth, and improving the education of the people. Men distinguished by their merit, and by their noble character, have entreated me to publish the principles of my system of education; I am, therefore, resolved to publish a periodical work, in which I will endeavour to show what elementary education ought to be, and what are the means of gradually developing the human faculties. I shall show how much elementary education is calculated to give full effect to domestic instruction. I shall produce striking examples to prove how capable children, even of the most tender years, are of applying to objects which interest their minds or their feelings, in a manner which will be in harmony with the natural progressive development of our faculties. I shall call the attention to the necessity of uniting, for the objects of education, severity and mildness, goodness of heart, ardour and amenity, liberty and obedience, and, consequently, the virtues of domestic life, emanating even from the Deity himself. I shall also publish a French translation of my works, by subscription. The first volume will relate to numbers, the second to the elements of geometry; subsequent writings, as well as treatises, upon different points of elementary instruction, will be also published by subscription."

FROM NEEL'S POEMS, LONDON, 1823.

Bliss is so brief and fragile, it departs  
Ere pomp and pride can to its level bow:  
Beloved! happiness, like ours, cold hearts  
And proud unbending spirits never know.  
Life's dearest joys, like sweetest-scented flowers,  
Bloom best in lowly places; there they group  
In safety, there they court the smiling hours;  
And they who wish to gather them must stoop.

A YOUNG GIRL.

She had just arrived  
At life's best season; when the world seems all  
One land of promise; when Hope, like the lark,  
Sings to the unrisen sun, and Time's dread scythe  
Is polish'd to a bright and flattering mirror,  
Where youth and beauty view their growing image,  
And wanton with the edge.

## RESPECTABLE MISANTHROPE.

A house in Grubb-street had long been noted as the residence of a solitary gentleman, whom nobody could ever catch a glimpse of, and who permitted nobody to see him, except an old maid servant, and her only in some cases of great necessity. Three rooms of the house he reserved for his exclusive use: one for eating in; a second as a study; and a third as a bed-room. His time was spent in reading, meditation, and prayer. His diet was constantly bread, water gruel, milk, and vegetables; and when he indulged himself most, the yolk of an egg. No Carthusian monk was ever more rigid and constant in his abstinence. He seemed, notwithstanding, in no want of money to have purchased every luxury of life. He bought all the new books that were published, although there was seldom one which, on a slight examination, he did not throw aside. He expended large sums, too, in acts of charity; and was very inquisitive after proper objects. He died the 29th of October, 1639, in the eighty-fourth year of his age, and lies buried in St. Giles's Church, near Cripplegate. The old maid servant died but six days before her master.

Henry Welby, for such was the name of this singular recluse, was a native of Lincolnshire, where he had an estate of about a thousand pounds a year. He possessed, in an eminent degree, the qualifications of a gentleman. Having been a competent time at the University and the inns of court, he completed his education by making the tour of Europe. He was happy in the love and esteem of his friends, and indeed of all that knew him, as his heart was warm, and the virtues of it were displayed in numerous acts of humanity, benevolence, and charity. When he was about forty years of age, his brother, an abandoned profligate, made an attempt upon his life, with a pistol, which not going off, he wrested it from his hands, and found it to be double charged with bullets. The event filled him with such horror, such a disgust, for the society of men, that he resolved to seclude himself from it for ever; and so strictly did he adhere to this resolution, that although he had a very amiable daughter, who was married to Sir Christopher Hilliard, a Yorkshire gentleman, neither she, nor any of her family, ever saw her father after his retirement.

## THE LONDON MAGAZINE FOR MAY,

Contains *Mr. Schnackenberger; or two Masters for one Dog, from the German*: this is "to be concluded in next number," and perhaps contains some meaning that we are not aware of, but for which suspicion, we should pronounce it a tissue of senseless vulgarity. *Account of a New Process in Painting*, and *Stanzas* were passed over to read *Spanish Romances*, No 2. There have

been in several of the journals elaborate articles on this subject, and we shall make some selections from them for our own pages. *The Old English Jesters* are thus introduced.

"Many of our readers will, we are anxious to believe, thank us for giving, as we propose doing in some of our future numbers, a bibliographical catalogue of early English *facetie*. Contained, as they are, in pamphlets of very rare occurrence and exorbitant price, the merriments of our ancestors have been accessible to few collectors only, whose perseverance and pockets have been equally taxed in the acquisition. Strange, however, as it may appear, they are entitled to a much more general attention; for their contents are always curious, and information, on many minute points of literary history and the manners of the times, may frequently be gleaned from these fugitive collections, which would be sought for in vain in works of a higher character. Those, therefore, who desire to acquaint themselves with the general habits and customs of the people, will, we hope, under the head of *Facetie*, find ample store of illustration; there will be sport and pastime, although couched in antiquated language, for the general reader; whilst to others it may not be incurious to trace some of the brilliant sallies of the Quins, and Garicks, and Sheridans, of modern days, as well as an abundance of honest Joe Millers, in the obsolete pamphlets of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries."

The conclusion of *A Road to Preferment in Asia*, has not tempted us to examine the April number in which it began. *A Parthian Peep at Life*, is a poetical epistle of a page and a half. We have yet under consideration the article *On Beauty and other Conditions of Face*. *Spring Song*. *Poor Relations* is copied. *The late Earl St. Vincent* is exclusively British. Several songs and sonnets come before *The Land's End of Cornwall*, a long tale, which has not yet been read. We are unable to decide upon the fate of *Early French Poets*. Letter fourth—*To a Young Man whose Education has been neglected*, is on the hackneyed subject of languages. *The Drama* is not worth copying. *Essays on Petrarch*, by Ugo Foscolo, is to be compared with articles in other journals on the same subject. Italian literature is becoming more fashionable in London than it formerly was, and these essays have excited the attention of most of the reviewers. From *The Miscellany* we have selected all that is worthy of notice. *Franklin's Narrative of a Journey to the Polar Sea*, fills a large part of every magazine. The Report of Music we have not read. *The Progress of Science* contains selections from other journals. The Sketch of Foreign Literature, would occupy more room in the Museum than we can give to it. Some use has been made of this article. View of Public Affairs, Agriculture, Commerce, Ecclesiastical Preferments, Births, Marriages and Deaths are passed over.

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THE RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW, NO. 14, FOR MAY, 1823.

*Writers on the Plague.* This article is a review of various books on the subject of the plague, from the calamity of Athens in the second year of the Peloponnesian war, to the great plague in London, and the pestilence of Marseilles in 1720. The disorder—  
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der is considered in a literary point of view—that is to say—in regard to its “capabilities” for poetry or rhetoric. *The History of Friar Gerund* may perhaps be wrought into an article for a future number of the Museum, and we therefore pass over it now. *John Flavel’s Treatise on Keeping the Heart*, published in 1667, forms the third article. Part of *The Annals of Newgate*, which is next in order is marked in the book of futurity, and will be presented to our readers in due season. *The Extravagant Shepherd*, and *Wither’s Shepherd Hunting* we have not read. *The Life of Edward Lord Herbert* is interesting on several accounts and is marked for publication. *Cyril Tourneur’s Plays*, is an article of thirty pages, and is on too large a scale for the mass of our readers. From *Anecdotes and Speeches of the Earl of Chatham*, we have formed an article in this number of the Museum, omitting the speeches, which are on the affairs of America, and are generally too well known in this country, to be here copied. We have not yet decided what to do with the last article, on the *Poems of Shakspeare*.

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#### AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY.

Sir Philip Cravenleigh, a gentleman of good fortune in Shropshire, built a house, which contained every thing that other persons usually erect offices for, viz., barns, granary, stables, cow-house, piggery, pigeon-house, sitting, drawing, and bed rooms, all surrounded by one great court. His own bed-chamber was next to the barn, because he liked the noise of the flail at five o’clock in the morning. His great amusement was farming; keeping a thousand acres of land in his own management, the whole produce of which was consumed by his own family. He would not suffer a single penny to be laid out for any article the farm produced; such as wheat, malt, hops, meat, butter, milk, cheese, cider, &c. He extended this rigid rule to wine; but after bringing his son up as a gardener, sent him to France to learn the art of planting and dressing vines. On his return home, he had a vineyard planted, and drank the wine produced from it, whether it was good or bad. He used honey instead of sugar, which he would never permit, any more than tea, to enter his house.

His family, from a wasteful extravagance, were once two months without bread; but still he would not permit a single loaf to be bought, but lived himself, and made all his family live, upon potatoes. Sir Philip was kind, nay, charitable, and much beloved. He was good natured, unless any one offered to contradict his humour; in which case he became angry and inflexible. He governed a family of a hundred persons like a stern but sensible bashaw; and never had any freaks of ill-nature, either with his family or servants.

FROM THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE.

## AN ACCOUNT OF THE REPUBLIC OF ANDORRE,

Situating amidst the Pyrenees, between France and Spain.

ALMOST all the public journals have recently stated that the constitutional army and that of the insurgents in Spain, have, by turns, and both in their successes and after their defeats, respected a neutral valley, situated in the midst of the Pyrenees. The existence, almost unobserved until the present moment, of an independent republic between France and Spain, is a singular, although a well authenticated fact. Important events having attracted attention to this country, we extract for the amusement of our readers, a passage from the statistical account of the department of the Ariège, by M. Mercadier, formerly the commanding engineer of that department, which contains the most complete account extant of the republic of Andorre. We have added several particulars collected by one of our colleagues, who has been making an excursion in that part of the French Pyrenees which surrounds the territory of Andorre.

Andorre, the common language of which is Catalan, is a neutral territory, situated on the southern side of that chain of the Pyrenees which forms the boundary of France. Most geographers have nevertheless comprehended it in the territory of Foix, with which, indeed, it was formerly not entirely unconnected.

This country, the extent of which is not a ninth part that of the department of the Ariège, forms a little republic, comprehending the six communities of Carillo, Encamp, Ordino, Massane, Andorre-la-Vieille, and St. Julien; and a great number of villages or hamlets, all under the spiritual jurisdiction of the Bishop of Urgel. The village of Andorre-la-Vieille, from which the valley derives its name, is the chief place, and probably is the most ancient. It is there that the general council, composed of twenty-four members for life, six from each community, assembles. When a vacancy occurs, either from death, or from any other cause, the council nominates a successor from among those inhabitants of the community who have been public functionaries. The general council has two syndics, appointed by itself, who convoke the meetings of the council, and manage the public business.

Before the French revolution, the criminal tribunal was composed of two judges, called Viguiers, one appointed by the King of France, the other by the Bishop of Urgel; to whom were joined six inhabitants of the valley, nominated by the general council. This tribunal was called the Cortes. Each viguier appointed a bailiff, from a list of six inhabitants presented to him by the general council. Before these bailiffs all civil suits were in the first instance tried. An appeal lay from them to a judge, who held his situation for life, and who was appointed alternately by the King of France and the Bishop of Urgel. The same suits might ult-

mately be carried before a third tribunal. That tribunal was either the grand council of the King of France, or the council of the Bishop of Urgel, according as either the king or the bishop had appointed the judge by whom they had been determined in the second instance.

This country had some singular laws, especially as regarded the succession to property. The eldest son took almost every thing, leaving very little indeed for the younger branches of a family.

The police was under the direction of two consuls in each community, who were appointed by the general council, and changed every other year.

The country of Andorre is extremely mountainous, and most of the mountains are covered with forests of pines; it is, besides, not very fertile, and is bristled with rocks. It is watered by several rivers, which rise in it: the principal among them is the Embalire, which receives all the others and then enters Spain, where it falls into the Sègre. At Ransol, in the community of Canillo, is an iron-mine, and there are four forges, at Encamp, at Caldes, at Ordino, and at the hamlet of Serrat, in the last named community. The hamlet of Caldes is remarkable for its numerous warm springs.

The inhabitants of Andorre have not much arable land, but possess a great many cattle and extensive pasturage. They are in general shepherds. They used to pay four hundred and eighty francs a year to the Bishop of Urgel, and twice that sum to the territory of Foix. They had a right to import every year from the latter country eighteen hundred loads of rye, and a certain quantity of cattle of every description; as also to import and export, without duty, all goods not prohibited, as well as the produce of the mines.

Every year, on the Sunday before Midsummer-day, they sent a deputation of three members of the general council to the village of Siguer in France, where they took, in the presence of the municipality, the oath of allegiance to the King of France. They also promised not to undertake any thing injurious to the interests of the community of Siguer, to give it intelligence in the event of war, and to furnish with lodging (upon being paid for it) such inhabitants of the village of Siguer as might find it necessary to make a journey into the valley of Andorre. Three of those inhabitants, selected by the mayor, took an oath, to the deputies, of similar import. They then played a game at nine-pins together, and the losers forfeited a tub of wine, which was drunk in the public square. It was remarkable that the Andorrans never won the game. On the evening of their arrival a supper was given them, and they had two meals the next day. The same ceremonies were performed in the village of Miglos. But, what will appear very singular, the inhabitants of the Spanish villages of Alins, Arreu and Tor, sent, about the same periods, deputies to the village of Viedessos, where they took a similar oath, and were received much in the same manner; with this difference, that the Spaniards

did not play at nine-pins, that they had but one supper, at an inn, for thirteen persons, for which they themselves paid; that the deputies and the municipal officers afterwards danced round the village, that they returned to the inn and had a collation, although after supper; that they then renewed dancing for a short time, and that ultimately every one retired. These and similar customs, on which we will not dwell, strongly recall the simplicity of old times.

The Andorrans paid no taxes. They rented the mountains on which they fed their cattle; and the produce of their farms was sufficient to pay all their expenses. Their justice, their police, and their finances, were, for the preservation of good order, placed under the inspection of the intendant of Perpignan.

At the present day they govern themselves as formerly; but in consequence of the revolution, they have become independent of France; and, since the year 1790, the administration of the department have refused to receive their contribution of nine hundred and sixty francs, which they regard as a feudal custom, and will not allow them to come in quest of grain. France gives them neither *viguier* nor civil judge; their public business is no longer superintended by any of her magistrates; their private differences are no longer carried by appeal to any of her tribunals; and they no longer send deputies to Miglos or to Siguer.

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VERSES, BY J. MONTGOMERY.

*Composed for the Anniversary of Robert Burns's Birthday, celebrated at Sheffield, 1820.*

What bird in beauty, flight, or song,	He was the Wren amidst the grove,
Can with the bard compare,	When in his homely vein;
Who sang as sweet, and soar'd as strong,	At "Bannockburn" the Bird of Jove,
As ever child of air?	With thunder in his train.
His plume, his note, his form, could Burns	The Woodlark in his mournful hours;
For whim or pleasure change;	The Goldfinch in his mirth;
He was not one, but all by turns,	The Thrush, a spendthrift of his pow'rs,
With transmigration strange.	Enrapt'ring heaven and earth:
The Blackbird, oracle of spring,	The Swan in majesty and grace,
When flow'd his moral lay;	Contemplative and still;
The Swallow, wheeling on the wing,	But rous'd,—no Falcon in the chase
Capriciously at play:	Could, like his satire, kill:
The Humming-bird, from bloom to bloom,	The Linnet in simplicity;
Inhaling heavenly balm;	In tenderness the Dove;
The Raven, in the tempest gloom;	But, more than all beside, was he
The Halcyon in the calm:	The Nightingale in love!
In "Auld Kirk Alloway" the Owl	Oh! had he never stoop'd to shame,
At 'witching time of night;	Nor lent a charm to vice;
By "Bonnie Doon" the earliest fowl	How had Devotion loved to name
That carol'd to the light:	That Bird of Paradise.

Peace to the dead! in Scotia's choir  
Of Minstrels great and small,  
He springs from his spontaneous fire,  
The Phoenix of them all!

## DR. MONSEY.

Dr. Messenger Monsey, who was many years physician to Chelsea College, and known all over the metropolis for his eccentricities, used, by way of ridiculing family pride, to say, that the first of his ancestors, of any note, was a baker, and dealer in hops; a trade which enabled him with some difficulty to support a large family. To procure a present sum of money, he robbed the feather beds of their contents; and supplied the deficiency with unsaleable hops. In a few years, a severe blight universally prevailing, hops became very scarce, and enormously dear; the hoarded treasure was ripped out, and a good sum procured for hops, which, in a plentiful season, would not have been saleable: "And thus," the doctor used to add, "our family *hopped* from obscurity."

The doctor enjoyed the office of physician to Chelsea Hospital for so long a period, for he lived to the great age of ninety-six, that the reversion of the place was successively promised to many persons, who never lived to see it vacant. The gentleman for whom it was last intended, having gone out to Chelsea, to take a view of his land of promise, the doctor saw him from his window examining very curiously the house and gardens; and guessing the purpose of his visit, he went out, and thus accosted him: "Well, sir, I see you are examining your house and gardens that are to be; and I can assure you they are both very pleasant, and very convenient: but I must tell you one circumstance; you are the fifth man that has had the reversion of the place, and I have buried them all; and what is more, there is something in your face, that tells me I shall bury you too!" Not only was the doctor's prediction verified; but of such bad omen did the reversion to the physicianship of Chelsea, become at last, that nobody would accept of it; and at the doctor's death, there was no one who had the promise of the situation.

Although the doctor was a man of great whimsicality, he possessed a very comprehensive understanding, and no small share of wit and genius. He numbered among his most intimate friends, some of the greatest men of his time, and among others, that great statesman, Lord Godolphin. Of Monsey's skill in his professional capacity, the proofs on record are not so satisfactory. He is said to have adopted a very singular mode of drawing his own teeth: it consisted in fastening a strong piece of catgut firmly round the affected tooth; the other end was fixed to a perforated bullet: with this a pistol was charged, and when held in a proper direction, by touching the trigger, a troublesome companion, and tedious operation, were got rid of. A person whom the doctor fancied he had persuaded to adopt this new mode of operation, went so far as to let him fasten the catgut to the tooth; his resolution then failed, and he loudly cried out, that he had altered his mind. "But I have not," said Monsey, holding fast the string, and giving it a smart pull, "you are a fool and a coward for your pains."



The doctor had a taste for mechanics; and to this, his mode of tooth-drawing may with probability be ascribed. An apartment of his house he had converted into a workshop, and filled with a confused collection of wheels, pendulums, nails, saws, hammers, chisels, and other instruments of handicraft. As long as age and eye-sight permitted, he would amuse himself here the whole day long, and took particular pleasure in executing all sorts of joiners' work, either for himself, or any of his friends.

In his habits, the doctor was penurious and saving; and like all misers, one of his chief cares was the care of his treasures; he was often at a loss to know which place was the safest to deposit his cash in; for bureaus and strong boxes, he knew were not always secure. Previous to a journey into Norfolk, one summer, he selected the fire-place of his sitting room, for his treasury; and placed the bank notes and cash, under the cinders and shavings. On his return, after a month's absence, he found his old woman preparing to treat a friend or two with tea, and in order to show the more respect to her guests, the parlour fire-place was selected for boiling the kettle, as she never expected her master until she saw him. The fire had just been lighted, when the doctor arrived at the critical moment; he rushed, without speaking, to the pump, where luckily a pail of water was standing: he threw the whole over the fire, and the poor old woman, who was diligently employed in removing it. His money was safe; for although some of the notes were partially burnt, sufficient fragments remained to enable the doctor, with some official trouble, to get paid at the bank.

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ON A SKULL, BY CYRIL TOURNEUR.

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"There's an eye,  
Able to tempt a great man—to serve God:  
A pretty hanging lip, that has forgot now to dissemble.  
Methinks this mouth should make a swearer tremble;  
A drunkard clasp his teeth, and not undo 'em  
To suffer wet damnation to run through 'em."

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A LONDON ADVERTISEMENT.

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FROM THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE.

*Heraldic Anomalies; or Rank Confusion in our Orders of Precedence: with Disquisitions, Moral, Philosophical, and Historical, on all the Existing Orders of Society.* By "It matters not who." 12mo. 2 vols. London, 1823. G. & W. B. Whittaker.

A DESULTORY but well-written Preface soon shows us that the author of this publication is a man of extensive reading,—a classical scholar, a gleaner of choice things, a bit of a humorist, and a very entertaining literary companion. We believe we are not wrong in identifying him with the writer of another original volume, *Thinks I to myself*, which had, what the booksellers love to call, a great run. The present book, though of rather a heavier framework, is replete with similar chit-chat, anecdote, and learned recollections. There is a dry spirit in the remarks, which often points them forcibly; and there is much information on various subjects, not lessened in value by the peculiar manner in which it is put before us. Under the heads of Lady, Doctor, Captain, Bishop, Baronet, &c. &c. the author takes not only heraldic views of almost every rank and station,—traces etymologies, and examines questions of etiquette; but also introduces a number of stories and quotations, which bear upon his essays, and illustrate his positions very pleasantly. Of this we shall endeavour in our turn, to furnish proof, by dipping into his pages where we have found them most amusing, and thence borrowing what we fancy will best suit the tastes of our readers. Treating of the title of *Captain*, after noticing the difference in rank between Captains of the navy and army, "It matters not who" adds,

\*\*\* "This difference, under the same title, bears particularly hard upon the gentlemen of the navy; from the circumstances of age. It must be something to have risen high in such active professions at an *early* age; it must be proportionally mortifying to bear the marks of age without promotion. Yet what ordinary person could guess, when he hears *four* individuals in company, each called 'Captain,' two perhaps rather advanced in years, one in middle life, and one a smart dashing young man, that they were not all Captains in the same degree. How could he be brought to fancy, that the latter only (Captain D. for instance) was really a Captain, while Captain A. was a Colonel, Captain B. a Lieutenant-Colonel, and Captain C. a Major? Might he not blunder so far as to suppose the *youngest* man the *best Captain* of all, as having attained to that rank so early in life, while the latter had been standing still, or through want of merit, or want of interest, (which I am sorry to say, is want of merit in many people's eyes,) had missed of farther promotion? I have been in the way of feeling for persons in this situation. Where the young military Captain in his red coat (being on full pay and on duty in peace time,) and

decorated with honours, for one or two campaigns, has drawn the attention of the whole company, while the much more experienced, but modest Naval Captain in his brown coat, scarcely attracted any notice at all. Lieutenant is a title seldom used in company, otherwise what has been said of the naval and military Captain, would equally apply to the Lieutenants. The titles being the same, but the ranks different; a *Lieutenant* in the Navy having, in fact, the rank of a Captain in the Army.

"In France, if I mistake not, these things are managed better; their Naval Officers having military titles, as well as military rank; their Admirals being Generals, &c.:—It would seem preposterously absurd to associate a Colonel with a military Serjeant, but let the former be in company with a Serjeant at Law, and their rank would be equal; and yet one would be distinguished from the other only as Colonel A. and Serjeant B.; or Serjeant A. and Colonel B.

"Even our title of *General* was once very strangely mistaken, and by no less a personage than the celebrated King of Prussia, Frederic II. It happened thus:

"A great intimacy and friendship, private as well as political, subsisted between the late Lord Ash—n (Mr. D—g) and Colonel Barré. They travelled to the continent together, and chanced to arrive at Berlin or Potsdam (I forget which) exactly at the time of a grand review. Being particularly desirous of seeing it, they found means to be presented to the King on the very ground; as two Englishmen of distinction, and members of the British Parliament. Colonel Barré as *Colonel Barré*, and D—g as the King's Solicitor *General*. Frederic knew enough of Colonels and Generals, to be caught by the sound of such titles, never dreaming that in this particular instance they were not equally military. War-horses, richly caparisoned, were immediately offered to the English Colonel and *General*, and of necessity accepted. The *Colonel* rode like a *Colonel*, but the *General* no better than any other Solicitor-General, and very unlike what the Prussian troops and Frederic himself had been accustomed to see in the field. The horse besides on which he rode, being under the same mistake as his royal master, was not sparing of his military movements, to the no small embarrassment of his *law-full* rider, who being quite unused to such *actions*, had a hard difficulty to keep his seat, and in going through the various manœuvres, which he had no means of controlling, afforded considerable amusement to the company at large."

On the subject of "attributes and significant titles," we have also some ingenious observations—

"\* \* \* "All distinctions by *attributes*, whether in the concrete or abstract, are hazardous, and likely to run into incongruities. Of the Ducal Archiepiscopal Title of '*Grace*,' for instance, which is of this nature, what shall we say? I know what it betokens; *Gratia*, *decor*, *Venustas*, &c.: but how strange it would appear to say

to a Duke or an Archbishop, will your '*comeliness*,' '*beauty*,' or '*fine mien*,' do me the honour of dining with me? I shall be proud to wait upon your '*Felicity*,' or '*Becomingness*.'

"If the Title imply that the high personages themselves are really '*Graces*,' we fall into greater difficulties; for, *mythologically* speaking, what Duke or Archbishop could wish to be taken for *Aglaia*, *Thalia*, or *Euphrosyne*, the daughters of Bacchus and Venus? with Duchesses it might be different, though Seneca would supply us with an objection applicable even to Duchesses, unless they happened to be so in their own right, de *Beneficiis* i. c. 3. I was amused with the application of the mythological title once to three very great personages, in a message from a card-table. One of the party, a very young man, being importuned to give up his cards, and go into another drawing-room, where there were many beautiful young ladies, excused himself by sending them word, that he could not come directly, as he was playing with '*the three Graces*;' who, in fact, were a Duke and a Duchess, and the late amiable Archbishop of —. In regard to this Title of Grace, I cannot see why the Lord Chancellor, in his official capacity, should not be called so, as much as the two Archbishops, between whom he takes his rank; he precedes all Dukes, and if called upon to act as High Steward on state trials, is then actually so entitled! but this, by the bye—before however I take leave of the title of Grace, as belonging to our Archbishops, I cannot forbear giving a hint to dictionary makers, in their expositions and illustrations of such marks of dignity. In Chambers's Cyclopædia, I find the term *Arch*, for instance, explained in a *very incautious manner*; '*Arch*, from *αρχος*, princeps, summus, prince or chief. Thus we say *Arch-Fool*, *Arch-Rogue*; so also, *Arch-Bishop*, *Arch-Treasurer*, *Arch-Angel*!'"

The following also makes us acquainted with some curious facts, with which, we presume, not many persons, even in the Herald's College, are familiar:

"The order of precedence as it affects the Daughters of Peers, has something very strange in it. It may not perhaps be generally known, that unmarried daughters have always the same rank as their *eldest* brother, during the lifetime of the father; and this independent of the particular title which by courtesy the brother may bear. A Duke's eldest son, for instance, ranks as a Marquess; consequently all his sisters, *unmarried*, have the rank of Marchionesses, though he himself should be nominally, but an Earl or Baron. For the title of Marquess being less ancient than the latter, is not the second title of the oldest and highest Dukes of the realm. The Duke of Norfolk's eldest son is only *Earl* of Surry, and the Duke of Somerset's eldest son but *Baron* Seymour. Still their daughters would all rank as Marchionesses till they married, and under particular circumstances, even afterwards; which forms one of the strangest anomalies of all. For if a Duke had *ten* daughters, *three* of whom were to marry *Earls*; *three*, *Viscounts*; and

*three, Barons*; and the *tenth* and *youngest* should marry her father's footman, the latter would retain her rank of Marchioness, and go before all her elder sisters, though every one of them Peeresses.

"For in marrying Commoners, they do not cease to be Duke's daughters; they retain their original rank, without elevating their husbands; which latter circumstance is a point to be attended to, to obviate such mistakes as a certain foreigner of low condition is said to have fallen into, when he married a *Lady Betty*, of a very ancient and distinguished family. He had entirely calculated upon becoming *Lord Betty*.

"I should wish to have leave to state a case particularly illustrative of the confusion arising from the rank assigned to the daughters of Dukes, Marquesses, &c.—Let us *suppose*, as the Sexagenarian would say, (I am not prepared to *deny* that the case has *really happened*,) but only let us at present *suppose*, that the younger son of a Duke, Lord Francis,———should marry the daughter of a Duke,———Lady Frances;———being a Commoner, his Lordship's rank as the youngest son of a Duke would be *below a Viscount*, while her Ladyship continuing a Duke's daughter, might assume the rank of Marchioness; all depending on the retention or discharge of a single letter; little *e* for little *i*! If after marriage, her Ladyship should choose to call herself by the name of her lord, Lady Francis, she would go below Viscountesses; if (which she would have a full right to do) she should retain her own name, and call herself Lady Frances, she would *precede* not only *Viscountesses* but *Countesses*. However the confusion *might not* stop here. Let us farther suppose that his Majesty should be pleased to call the noble Lord up to the House of Peers, by the title of *Baron So-and-so*—how strange would the state of things be now. By their *elevation* to the peerage (for so it must be regarded,) his Lordship would absolutely lose *one* step, and her Ladyship *three*, in the order of precedence. \* \* \* \* \*

"Some *privileges, titles, names, and distinctions*, are become so obsolete as to be almost unknown to the persons particularly entitled to them. I much doubt, for instance, if the generality of our *Dukes* (few as they are) know, that in all places out of the King's presence, they have a right to a *cloth of state* hanging down (from whence I know not) within half a yard of the ground; and so have their *Duchesses*. The latter may moreover have their trains borne up by a *Baroness*. No *Earl* is to wash with a Duke without the Duke's permission. A Marquess, out of the presence of the King, and a Duke, has nearly the same privileges, only his cloth of state must be half a yard shorter, and his Marchioness's train borne by a *Knight's lady*, out of the presence of her superiors, and in their presence by a *gentlewoman*. No *Viscount* may wash with a Marquess, but at his pleasure.

"An *Earl* may have a cloth of state too, but without pendants, only fringe: his Countess may have her train borne by an *Esquire's*



wife, out of the presence of her superiors, and in their presence by a *Gentleman*.

"*Viscounts* appear to have no right to a cloth of state, hanging from any where, or reaching to any length, or with either pendants or fringe; but in lieu of this, they may have a *cover of essay* held under their cup when they drink; they may have a *travers* in their own house, and their *Viscountesses* may have their trains borne by a *Woman* out of the presence of their superiors, otherwise by a *Man*.

"A *Baron* may also have the cover of his cup holden underneath whilst he drinks, and his *Baroness* may have her train borne by a *Man* in the presence of a *Viscountess*.

"These are all certainly very important privileges and distinctions to those who set a value upon them; which in truth is the only thing that can give any importance to any distinctions, as we may judge from the *horsetails* in Turkey, which by accident have become the highest of all distinctions in the Ottoman Court. Who would think that it could become a matter of extreme ambition in any of our monkey race, to attain to the honour of having *two tails* instead of *one*, or *three* instead of *two*. Yet so it is in Turkey—but I would have you to know, they are *horse-tails* not *asses-tails*! I believe the history of this extraordinary distinction is, that upon a separation of the Turkish army, in some very perilous and critical engagement, one of the commanders had the precaution to cut off a horse's tail, and by elevating it on the point of a lance, to render it a rallying point for the dispersed soldiery. There is reason in all things, if we can but find it out, and therefore we may depend upon it, that, as the song says,

"'Tis a very fine thing to be father-in-law,  
To a very magnificent three-tail'd Bashaw."

"Whether the following is to be regarded as a privilege or a duty I cannot pretend to say, however I fancy it is obsolete. The King's Lords of the Bedchamber ought to lie every night on a pallet by the King."

On the subject of *names* there is a great deal of whimsical matter, of which a page or two will convey the illustration—

"On the rumoured resignation of the Russian Admiral Puke, while the *Arch Duke Constantine* presided at the Admiralty:

I am sick of the service—so tell the Grand Duke  
I've thrown up my *Commission*—your Servant,

JOHN PUKE.

"The following being said to be written by a *Peer*, (or spoken extempore as report goes) he must be answerable for any penalties attaching to the crime of *Scandalum Magnatum*:

"On being told that the Bishop of C. (Dr. Goodenough) was appointed to preach before the House of Peers—

"'Tis well enough that Goodenough  
Before the Lords should preach;  
For sure enough they're bad enough  
He undertakes to teach."

"When the above most respectable Prelate was made Bishop of C. a certain Dignitary, whom the public had expected to get the appointment, being asked by a friend how he came not to be the new Bishop, replied, because I was not *Good-enough!* \* \* \* \*

"A person whose name was Gun, complaining to a friend that his Attorney, in his bill had not *let him off easily*—That is no wonder, answered his friend, as he *charged you too high.*" \* \* \*

"Though not perhaps to be reckoned amongst *puns*, yet the *names* of things as well as persons, are liable to very odd perversions. I do not like the name of our gold coin the *Sovereign* on this account. We need be careful of not incurring the charge of High Treason, by our common expressions concerning it. How strangely the following must sound to any *loyal* ear :

"I have got a *dreadfully bad* Sovereign.

"I wish I could *change* my Sovereign.

"I am sure the Sovereign I have got is not *worth twenty shillings.*

"I have but *half* a Sovereign.

"And how many of his Majesty's most devoted subjects, if they were to speak their minds freely, must cordially and daily wish, to have *more Sovereigns than one.* \* \* \* \*

"To console however the friends of Monarchy, we may be just as certain that every person in his Majesty's dominions would rather have *one*, than *none.* \* \* \* \*

"A Clergyman of the name of *Friend*, who had got possession of a living in a way that rendered it doubtful whether it might not be regarded as a simoniacal contract, was imprudent enough to ask a neighbouring Clergyman to preach for him on the day he was to read in (as it is called), who had *remonstrated* with him in the course of the *negotiation*, and being humorously inclined, to the great consternation of the new incumbent, sitting in the desk below him, chose for his text, '*Friend*, how camest thou in hither?' \* \* \* \*

"On Lord *Rockingham's* becoming Minister during our disputes with America, a declaratory Bill being brought into the House of Commons, which was judged to be too tame a measure by the adverse party, the following distich appeared in the papers—

You had better *declare*, which you may without shocking 'em,  
That the Nation's *asleep*, and the Minister *Rocking 'em.*

"An *old* gentleman of the name of *Gould* having married a very young wife, wrote a poetical epistle to a friend, to inform him of it, and concluded it thus :

"So you see, my dear Sir, though I'm eighty years old,  
A girl of eighteen is in love with *old Gould.*"

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\* We remember to have heard as good a story as this, relating to one Alexander Gun, who belonged to the Customs at Edinburgh, and was dismissed for improper conduct. The entry opposite to his name in the Books stood thus:—"A. Gun discharged for making a false report."—Ed.

"To which his friend replied—

"A girl of eighteen may love Gould it is true,  
But believe me, dear Sir, it is Gold without U!"

"The following is a curious, because a very *grave pun* upon names, extracted from Fuller's '*Grave Thoughts*,' and cited by Mr. Southey in his *Life of Wesley*. 'When worthy Master Hern, famous for his *living, preaching, and writing*, lay on his *death-bed* (rich only in goodness and children,) his wife made such womanish lamentations, what should become of her little ones? Peace, sweet-heart, said he, *that* God who feedeth the *Ravens* will not starve the *Herns*. A speech censured as *light* by some, observed by others as *prophetic*; as indeed it came to pass that they were all well disposed of.'"

We will finish our examples of the Author on Names with an anecdote of which the *name* of Wesley reminds us, and which we believe is more original (never having been in print) than some of those we have just repeated. John Wesley, in a considerable party, had been maintaining with great earnestness the doctrine of *Vox Populi, Vox Dei*, against his sister, whose talents were not unworthy of the family to which she belonged. At last the preacher, to put an end to the controversy, put his argument in the shape of a dictum, and said, "I tell you, sister, the voice of the people *is* the voice of God."—"Yes, (she replied, mildly,) it cried 'Crucify him, crucify him!'" A more admirable answer was perhaps never given.

#### TARS TREATING AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

As a party of sailors were going to Highgate, on passing a farrier's shed, one of them chanced to observe a little white pony standing at the door. He instantly vociferated to his companions, that it was the pony that Prince William (the Duke of Clarence, then a midshipman) used to ride upon in Jamaica. These words were no sooner uttered, than the eyes of the whole party were turned on the pony; and almost in the same moment, they one and all sprung forward to pour forth their congratulations on so unexpected a meeting. The first transport of joy being over, they, without inquiring to whom the pony belonged, took it up in their arms, carried it in triumph to a neighbouring public house, into which they wished to carry him; but Boniface persuaded them to deposit him at the door. Some of them ran into the house, and soon afterwards returned with a quartern loaf, and a couple of pots of porter. The bread was hastily broken into bits, which, with the porter, were thrown into a large earthen dish, and the foaming mess presented to the little favourite, who greedily devoured it, to the no small diversion of those boisterous sons of good humour, whose obstreperous mirth brought a crowd to the door.

One of the honest tars, eager to show a greater share of zeal for his prince, or affection for the little animal, of whose appetite and enjoyments he probably judged from his own, threw into the dish half a pint of gin. This produced three cheers, and appeared so gratifying, that they all drank bumpers of the same liquor, to the health of the royal midshipman, and his little white pony. They then threw down some silver, without counting it, conducted the pony back to the farrier's shop, and proceeded on their journey.

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**LETTERS FROM ITALY.**

[Extracts from an article in Blackwood's Magazine.]

IN spite of the "*Mysteries of Udolpho*," the Appenines are the dullest set of hills I ever beheld, bare, tame, woodless and unpicturesque—The green of summer sheds no beauty on them, and the snows of winter no sublime. But the descent to Florence repays a world of ennui. The city itself is small; but the myriads of shining villas that crowd the whole vale of the Arno towards Pisa and Pistoia, assume the appearance of one vast and extended metropolis. The fields are covered with the olive and the vine; nor does the soil confine its fertility to those objects of luxury, for beneath their shade the humbler crops of corn and herbage spring up in luxuriance. The traveller, who was for the first time reminded of England on descending from the Jura, into the neat, cultivated, subdivided territory of Geneva, is here again struck with a resemblance, though perhaps a fainter one. The olive and the vine are indeed strange to him; but the enclosures, the frequent villas, and neat farm-houses, together with their happy inhabitants, are sufficient to recall the memory of Old England. Nor is the comparison altogether lost on entering the city, and observing its cleanly, well-paved streets, its industrious population, and the sombre materials of its architecture. The Arno and its quays put me in mind of the Liffey and Dublin, though much grandeur must be subtracted from the latter to allow of the comparison; the pebbly bed of the Arno, with the distant Appenine, must be substituted on one side for the shipping, custom-house, and bay of the Irish metropolis; but the "*strait-waistcoated stream*," and the glimpses of the country on the other, will hold good of both. Yet, for the beauty of surrounding country and scenery, if we except the Italian sky and clime, how vastly superior is Dublin, and an hundred other towns of our own islands, whence the silly inhabitants run to affect rapture in foreign climes! But a name bewilders us—we first sigh to visit the land of the vine. We set out,—and find that, nine months out of twelve, the vine is in its most picturesque state, a bare and distuted shrub, and this even in Italy; while in the great vine countries—in Burgundy, Champagne, Bourdeaux, there is no distinguishing a vineyard from a field of beans. So

much for the picturesque: and as for the substantial, John Bull will infallibly gather from his travels, that the best wine he ever tasted, was that which he paid for at home. Few will deny the olive to be the ugliest of all evergreens, and of the fruit we are not much enamoured. So much for the two shrubs that have such an effect on our imaginations. Were we to believe our poets, we should suppose that the soil of Italy was covered with flowers, whereas those gifts of gay nature are more rare here than in any country I know of. In summer there is not a blade of green grass in the field, much less a flower in the garden, and in more temperate months I have seen two shillings given for a rose. And this country has been called, not in irony, the garden of Europe, a country, burned to aridity six months of the year, and a great part of it frozen during its winter with a cold more rigid than ours,—a country, one half of which is by nature incapable of cultivation, and a remaining quarter, perhaps, without it, from the ignorance and laziness of its inhabitants.

The sights of Florence are its churches and galleries. Of the former, though all are magnificent in plan, there is scarcely one finished; and the three principal churches are without fronts, and have exhibited for centuries the same mean, ragged brick-work.

Santa Croce, in spite of its beggarly front, is the real cynosure of travellers:

“Here repose  
Angelo's, Alfieri's bones, and his,  
The starry Galileo, with his woes;  
Here Machiavelli's earth, returned to whence it rose.”

What wretched tomb-builders we are in England! After Santa Croce and St. Peter's, who can think of our Poet's Corner without blushing? When we come from England with the memory of our tablets, squares, and parings of marble, we are struck with the massy magnificence of Italian monuments—indeed the flowing drapery of one of the figures in any of Canova's monuments, might furnish forth marble sufficient to record and illustrate a million of our illustrious dead. However, in this there is often an excess, especially at St. Peter's; and even the tomb of Alfieri here appears, from its mass, heavy without ornament, yet not simple. Nothing is fit in the monument of Alfieri, but the place of his burial. Santa Croce was his favourite haunt, especially at vesper hour; as a living poet of Italy has described in one of his finest passages:

“A questi' marmi  
Venne spesso Vittorio ad ispicarsi.  
frato a patrii Numi, errava muto  
Ove Arno è più deserto, i campi e il cielo  
Desioso mirando: e poi che nullo  
Vivente aspetto gli molcea la cura,  
Qui posava l'austero.”

FOSCOLO.—I SEPOLCRI.



Here also lies Aretin, the first of wags. But altogether, when we recollect that this is the chosen temple, where the Florentines record their gratitude towards those citizens that honoured their name, the paucity of monuments, and their date compared with the death of their subjects, do but recall the ingratitude, bigotry, and indifference of the *ci-devant* republic—

See nations slowly wise and meanly just,  
To buried merit raise the tardy bust.

Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio were Florentines; but where repose the all Etruscan three? How long was it ere friendly perseverance could raise a monument to Galileo, who dared to preach that the sun stood still? I cannot look on Santa Croce, but as a kind of ironical comment on Sismondi and the upholders of Etruscan heroism.

Florence, besides the public libraries, which are numerous and celebrated, possesses an excellent reading-room, where we exiles devour English papers and periodicals. Liked the Quarterly's cold and clever review of Byron's tragedies. By the bye, I saw a bust here, which his lordship sat for not long since. He seems, like Napoleon, to get fat upon renown; it is to be hoped, that his spirit will not, like Nap's, partake of his *engourdissement*. To look on the pictures and busts that we have of Byron, it is difficult not to recall the end he anticipates for the bard,

"A name, a wretched picture, and worse bust."

Thorwalsden's bust of Byron, you would mistake for that of a lady—it is so very feminine, and withal unmarked and inane; yet Matthews vowed it very like. The canvas of Messrs. Harlowe, Philips, and Westall, tells a different story—however, it should be remembered, that Thorwalsden is about the worst bust-builder in Europe.

Florence can boast the most liberal periodical work in Italy. Although the *Biblioteca* of Milan reckons Monti and other celebrated names amongst its contributors, yet the Austrian censorship is a weight too oppressive for any degree of genius; so that the poor *Biblioteca* has become a mere snivelling dilettanti. The *Antologia* of Florence, though still weak and infantine, takes a stronger tone of respectability every day; and the mild government of Tuscany allows lucubrations to pass unchecked, that would raise a hue and cry in any other part of Italy. An article that appeared in it lately, examining a miracle just performed at Areggo, has not a little astonished and enraged the monks, whom the government has not indulged by granting their "measure of revenge." But periodical works in a country where there is no thought, no education, nor press, nor life, nor interest, are but vain endeavours. The men of letters begin thus at the wrong end. But they wish to excite serious thought, say they, and to awaken

an interest for grave and important subjects; and, in consequence, indite terrible long essays on agriculture and political economy—they are very devils, too, at morality, and flatter themselves with having concocted a strong number, when they have crammed it half full of ethics—after this comes a desert of antiquities by way of relief—they print, and marvel that their dandies won't subscribe, and that ladies won't read them. The literary circle of Florence is rather more liberal towards foreign literature than the rest of Italy; and Leoni, who is for ever translating our best authors, supplies this taste of theirs with sufficient food. On the contrary, Pesticari and his society of pedants were deadly averse to all innovations, and hated translations from foreign tongues, more even than they hated their enemies, the Cruscans; and while all the rest of Italy hastened to read, and admire, and welcome the Italian translations of the Scotch Novels, the *Giornale Arcadico*, which Pesticari had established at Rome, assailed not only the novels, but Sir Walter Scott, the supposed author, with gross abuse, calling him a cold-blooded Scotchman, whose genius and productions were, notwithstanding, quite good enough for the "Ultimi Boreali" he wrote for. Among the Cruscans, there is none of this bigotry and barbarism; they know how to appreciate the literature of other nations, without being blind to the merits of their own; and if they do not reckon among their number a partizan of merit equal to Monti, they are not disgraced by a character so venal and base. Florence, indeed, though of late pre-eminence has been denied to her, is still the Athens of Italy; and in the three-fold night, that distraction, ignorance, and misfortune, have spread over this ill-fated peninsula, she raises herself as the most civilized, the most Italian, the most liberal, and also the most happy among her sister cities.

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Six weeks of everlasting rain, fog, and ennui, had put the finishing stroke to my disgust of Italy, for which even the vaunted Carnival could offer no remedy. The Italians are the worst and most witless maskers imaginable. They disguise themselves, not for the love of fun or amusement, but with the most serious intention of admiring themselves. Of a joke or repartee they have not the slightest idea. Even the vulgar wit of the populace does not exist among them, if we except, perhaps, the Lazzaroni of Naples. Routs and balls, Rome has enough during Carnival; but what a dull *fête*, and often worse than dull! English aristocrats acting the connoisseur, hunting *studios* and talking *vertu*—Italian princes Englished even to the scrupulous fold of the cravat—and Italian ladies preferring the springing grenadier step of the English belle, to the winning gait of the more elegant Parisian. But there is a numerous class of English in Italy, that to me is more disgusting than that of any nation—Turk or Jew. It is singular how much the individuals resemble each other—sleek, small fortuneed, middle-aged men, who have spent the better part of their lives in the

taverns of London; and who, in English society, never arrived further than the Burton ale-house and the brothel. How these fellows found their way to Italy, Heaven knows! but in Florence they swarm, and at Rome during Carnival. In England, their profession was Corinthianism, when that sect was in its glory; but now they scorn the bottle; real pleasures are too low for their refined appetites—women are all their aim—and they here reckon Countesses and Marchionnesses on their fingers' ends with the same ostentatious memory, that formerly registered the nightly visitants of our upper boxes. To hear these owners of one coat and two ideas enumerating their conquests among Italian matrons, and making their calculations for fresh ones, with that cold-blooded brutality, that in general distinguishes and debases, beyond all other people, the immoral Englishman, is enough to make one heartily join Byron, though from very different reasons, in his disgust towards our countrymen in Italy.

I quitted Rome in the midst of rain, which had already lasted a fortnight, and which continued for a month longer. What a delightful climate!—Broiled one half of the year, and basted the other. We could get nothing to eat the first night of our journey but thrushes, the favourite and most esteemed game of Italian sportsmen. We spoke indecently (that being the mode of swearing here,) to mine host—all in vain—the country produced nothing but thrushes. Next day presented us the lake of Bolsena, famous for eels and the picturesque. Some pope, as Dante records, died of the former. The wine at Monte Fiascone is good, and the people honest. I forgot my watch there, and they forwarded it on to me to Florence. Acquapendente is singular: The rocks on which it is perched are crowned and festooned with myrtle, which, in this winter month, forms an agreeable contrast with the bleak Appenines, the torrents, and the cold—Passed the summits of Radicofani, covered with snow.—What a villanous country! Barren, bleak, hilly, yet insipid. But we enter Tuscany—the inns grow better, the damsels prettier, and the heart rejoices at having escaped from the empire of the priesthood—

"Il troppo odor de preti a me nemico."

Genoa is a city of palaces, picturesquely and beautifully situated, if the mountains immediately over and around it were not completely bare.—The women are certainly the healthiest, best formed, and handsomest of Italy. But fair complexions are so frequent, that one is inclined to deny their Italian origin.

"Ahi Genovese, uomini diversi,"

says Dante, and a great sea-port must produce that mixture of race—

"Which spoils the blood, but much improves the breed."

Lady Montague asserts, that cicisbeism, or, as she spells it according to Genoese pronunciation, *cizibeism*, began in Genoa—I know not how true. She also says, “The ladies affect the French habit, and are more genteel than those they imitate.” She is right; for if there be danger in ladies’ eyes, there is no more perilous pass than the Strada Balbe.

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SHERIDAN.

Mr. Sheridan always lived and acted without any regular system for the government of his conduct; the consequence was, as might have been expected, that he became the sport of capricious friendship, and when the winter of his days approached, he experienced the mutability of political connexions, and the folly of neglecting those resources which can alone support the mind in every exigency, and minister to its comfort in the dreariness of solitude. Home, though the abode of domestic virtue and affection, was no longer safe to a man so long known and so much courted by numerous applicants, to avoid whose troublesome inquiries, and to gain a respite from anxiety, he passed much of his time in coffee-houses and taverns. Frequent inebriety was the result of such a course of life; and the effects of it upon his constitution, which had been naturally a very robust one, soon appeared in his countenance and his manners. Yet, sinking as he now was into the lowest state of human declension, occasional sallies of humour escaped him, even when he was unable to stand, or scarcely to articulate. Coming very late one night out of a tavern, he fell, and being too much overtaken with liquor to recover his feet, he was raised by some passengers, who asked his name, and place of abode; to which he replied, by referring to a coffee house, and hiccuping that he was Mr. *Wil-ber-force*.

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The first article in *Blackwood's Magazine* for March, is entitled *Candid*, No. 2, and is a review of the second number of the *Liberal*. Letters from Italy, Nos. 5 and 6 have furnished us with an article for this number. From Valperga and Cibber's *Apology* we have made extracts for next number. The next article is a favourable review of Rose's *Orlando Innamorato*—with specimens.—Next is a dramatic representation, entitled *King Jamie and the Sleeping Preacher*, in which his majesty detects the falsehood of the preacher's claims to the miraculous gift, which, in our own country, belonged to Miss Rachel Baker. The following is the successful apology.

“*Haddock*. Your Majesty is, I understand, aware that I am a fellow of Exeter College, in Oxford. Now, I have an uncle, down in the West, from whom I expect an ample patrimony, but he has ever been so bent on my obtaining the reputation of a good preacher, and especially among my colleagues at the University,

that he makes his bequest depend upon it. He will not judge of my proficiency himself, for he is a plain old country squire, marvellously desirous of hearing that his nephew is a famous divine, and an admired preacher, but confessing his incompetency to decide whether texts be well handled. He owns that his talk is of bullocks, and that his judgment extends no farther than to the cry of a pack of hounds.

"*King James.* Would that some of the country squires in our Parliament kenned themselves as well!

"*Had.* An please your Highness, I have reason to believe that an interested adversary of mine was aware of my predicament, and instigated the fellows of my own college in their opposition to me. I attempted to obtain a vacant preacher-ship in our chapel—it was voted that I was an incompetent expounder of Holy Writ, and so vile in my elocution, that it was refused me, with many reproofs of my presumption. A select lectureship at St. Mary's offered; I was candidate for it, but by the same evil influence I was baffled. My name was run down, and it came to be popularly said that I was even devoid of ordinary school learning. I knew my uncle would disinherit me, if this state of things continued long; and I thought that as I had been so unfairly used, I might in equity retort upon my adversaries, and regain, if possible, my due reputation, by duping them. Can your Majesty altogether condemn me for fencing with their weapons?

"*King J.* My certie, man, but ye've a lang head and muckle ingeny—the matter's clean altered—and yet I do not know what the casuists have said thereanent. —Is it justifiable, think you, Dr. Winwood?

"*Dr. Win.* With submission to your Majesty's better judgment, would it not be best to have these things ascertained before determination? Under the present view it bears no appearance of malicious or ill-intentioned deceitfulness.

"*King J.* Say out your say, Master Haddo'—How did ye contrive it?

"*Had.* I let my scout overhear me preaching while I lay a-bed—he made the odd circumstance known—people came clandestinely by his connivance, for which I gave good opportunity—and when in this way it was sufficiently noised abroad, I suffered myself to be entreated to admit large audiences. I was devising how best to divulge my motives, and shame those who had driven me to act delusively, when your Majesty's order came to fetch me hither. With sorrow and contrition I beg forgiveness for daring to attempt deceiving a prince of your penetration and sagacity—the endeavour has been as futile as it deserved to be—could it be otherwise? But I trust your accustomed clemency will not be supplicated in vain.

"*King J.* Troth, man, for our ain part, we feel no anger, and we so far pardon you freely. Indeed we were not altogether deceived. I am right glad, Master Secretary, that the pawky loon can gie so good an account of himsell. Odd, I think them who kept him down were fitly served. I hope they were often wiled out of their warm beds a-nights to hear a cauld-rife preachment. See, Winwood, that the man be in the pulpit in our Chapel Royal next Sunday—if he satisfies our judgment, will they nill they, he shall be a University preacher after all, and preach awake too."

The Shepherds' Calendar is written in a loose and rambling style, and is a successful attempt to fill ten pages.

Love, a Poem, by E. Elliott—we have copied for a future number, partly with a view of exhibiting a specimen of the flippant style in which that review sometimes indulges.—The Analysis of Tucker's Vision is under consideration.—Remarks on Mr. Owen's Plan are next in order, followed by a few pages of poetry.—Lockhart's Spanish Ballads are noticed with high praise. The following extract is from the View of Public Affairs.

"The present Session of Parliament was expected to be the most brilliant since the days of Pitt. It has hitherto been the dulllest within memory. The new Secretary of State was expected to have kept up a perpetual fire upon the Whigs—he has scarcely thought them worth a witticism. The Whigs have made St. James's Street ring with dreadful note of preparation. They had voted the downfall of an incapable ministry, they had dined and drunk upon it, the vic-



tory was inevitable. They have not pulled a trigger. A few of the forlorn hope, the barristers, and notorious talkers, have been thrown forward, have been beaten, have quietly undergone their discomfiture, and seem now to be sent to the rear for the rest of the campaign. The debates have degenerated into the routine of the House; a statement of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, parodied by a counter-statement of that horse-vending financier Maberley; and a question from the profundity of Hume, replied to by a question of equal depth from the profundity of Lord Palmerston. The minister sits in superior silence, leaves the heavy wheel to be turned by his subordinates, and takes no more share in the discussion than the Serjeant, who sits counting the clock in the misery of full dress, and if he pray at all, doubtless prays for a Gunpowder Plot once a Session. Dearth of important topics cannot account for this dulness. Every hour produces some demand, once sufficient to have roused the vigour of public men. There are voices coming up from every quarter of the horizon, in which an able Opposition would hear the prophecy of Ministerial ruin, and perhaps make it more than prophecy. Ireland; the pressure of the times on England; the aggressions of France, yet uncured of ambition; the Peninsula, with its mingled scroll of rage, indignation, contempt, and helplessness, laid at the bar of the British Empire, are all before the eye of an Opposition, all ready to be invoked, and to be made the fearful instruments of divided council. Nothing could be feebler than the use made of those great occasions, for the advancement of the excluded party."

Then follows the Patriotic Ode "Ho! to the combat, Spain!" which has appeared in all our newspapers.—Edinburgh Nuisances, and Noctes Ambrosianæ close the number.

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We find the following anecdote of General Washington in a late English publication, and copy it (whether true or false), as characteristic.

"During his administration as President of the United States, a gentleman, the friend and the companion of the general, throughout the whole course of the revolutionary war, applied for a lucrative and very responsible office. The gentleman was at all times welcome to Washington's table; he had been, to a certain degree, necessary to the domestic repose of a man, who had for seven years fought the battles of his country, and who had now undertaken the task of wielding her political energies. At all times, and in all places, Washington regarded his revolutionary associate with an eye of evident partiality and kindness. He was a jovial, pleasant, and unobtrusive companion. In applying for the office, it was accordingly in the full confidence of success; and his friends already cheered him on the prospect of his arrival at competency and ease. The opponent of this gentleman, was known to be decidedly hostile to the politics of Washington; he had even made himself conspicuous amongst the ranks of opposition. He had, however, the temerity to stand as a candidate for the office to which the friend and the favourite of Washington aspired. He had nothing to urge in favour of his pretensions, but strong integrity, promptitude, and fidelity in business, and every quality which, if called into exercise, would render service to the state. Every one considered the application of this man hopeless; no glittering testimonial of merit

had he to present to the eye of Washington; he was known to be his political enemy; he was opposed by a favourite of the general's; and yet, with such fearful odds, he dared to stand candidate. What was the result? The enemy of Washington was appointed to the office, and his table companion was left destitute and dejected. A mutual friend, who interested himself in the affair, ventured to remonstrate with the president on the injustice of his appointment. 'My friend,' said he, 'I receive with a cordial welcome; he is welcome to my house, and welcome to my heart; but, with all his good qualities, he is not a man of business. His opponent is, with all his political hostility to me, a man of business; my private feelings have nothing to do in this case. I am not George Washington, but President of the United States; as George Washington, I would do this man any kindness in my power; but as President of the United States, I can do nothing.'"

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#### AN EXAMPLE FOR BUNGLING LAWYERS.

Chamillart, comptroller-general of the finances in the reign of Louis XIV., had been a celebrated pleader. He once lost a cause in which he was concerned, through his excessive fondness for billiards. His client called on him the day after in extreme affliction, and told him, that if he had made use of a document which had been put into his hands, but which he had neglected to examine, a verdict must have been given in his favour. Chamillart read it, and found it of decisive importance to his cause. "You sued the defendant," said he, "for 20,000 livres. You have failed by my inadvertence. It is my duty to do you justice. Call on me in two days."—In the mean time, Chamillart procured the money, and paid it to his client, on no other condition, than that he would keep the transaction secret.

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#### GUSTAVUS III.

When Gustavus the Third, King of Sweden, was in France, he was frequently solicited to visit Dr. Franklin, which he always declined. One of the French guards, who could use a little freedom with his majesty, begged to know why he denied himself an honour which every crowned head in Europe would be proud to embrace? "No man," said the monarch, "regards the doctor's scientific accomplishments more than I do; but the king, who affects to like an enthusiast for liberty, is a hypocrite. As a philosopher, I love and admire the doctor; but as a politician, I hate him; and nothing shall ever induce me to appear on terms of friendship and personal esteem, with a man whom my habits and situation oblige me to detest."

## Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

*Asia.*—A line of telegraphs has been established from Calcutta to Chunard, a fortress on the Ganges, 150 miles south of Benares. The distance is 336 English miles, and the intelligence is conveyed at the rate of 100 miles in 12 minutes. Both the European and native merchants anticipate much advantage from this rapid communication of news.

If we may believe the Bombay Gazette, a person has lately discovered an alphabet, by which may be deciphered the ancient inscriptions found in the caverns of India, consecrated to the Hindoo worship, such as those of Elephanta, Keneri, &c. It is expected this will elucidate with precision the signification, dates, use, and origin of these inscriptions.

*Africa.*—A letter from St. Louis, in Senegal, gives the following account of the state of the establishments on the left bank of this river, on the first of September, 1822. There are eleven large plantations, containing 800,000 square feet of cotton grounds, and which it is expected will be soon doubled in extent. Six new plantations have just been acquired from the natives, and are about to be laid out for the growth of cotton. Indigo and other equinoctial plants have been cultivated with success, and the equitable administration of government by the French functionaries induces the natives to offer themselves as free labourers, so that labour is easily obtained. It is computed that the English cruisers in one year liberated 2810 negroes, whom they had captured in vessels bound for the West Indies.

*Germany.*—In August last, during a violent storm of rain, there fell near the castle of Schoenbrunn, in Austria, an immense number of insects unknown in Austria. They were covered with a species of coagulation, and died on being removed from the water. It is conjectured that they had been driven from some distant country by a water-spout.

The class of philology and history in the academy of sciences at Berlin has, since 1817, twice postponed the following question, each time doubling the value of the prize. "What was the proceeding at law before the tribunals of Athens in public and in private causes, distinguishing as much as possible the different forms observed in each." Three dissertations were given in, and the academy bestowed the prize upon that of Messrs. Meyer and Schoemann, both of them from Griefswald.

At Munich, the travels into the Brazils of Mawe, Eschwegge, Langsdorf, Koster and of the Prince of Neuvied, have had eminent success with the public. The works in the press are the researches and travels of Messrs. Martins and Spinx, whose extensive collections of objects from the Brazils are, by a royal ordinance, to be formed into a separate collection, to be called the *Museum Brazilianum*. The work will consist of two volumes, quarto, accompanied by lithographic maps, portraits and views. There will be also two collections in Latin. The Mammalia will be represented in folio plates, and 39 engravings will be devoted to the three genera of the ape tribe. This superb work, published by royal authority, will appear at Easter.

*German Universities.*—A great sensation has been produced throughout Germany by the appearance of a work entitled, "The disgraceful Proceedings of the Universities, Lyceums and Gymnasia of Germany, or History of the Conspiracies of the Schools against Royalty, Christianity, and Virtue, by K. M. E. Fabricius." This work of about 200 pages is dedicated to the German members of the Holy Alliance, and to their ministers and ambassadors at the diet, and it denounces and vituperates the most enlightened and estimable of the German literati and men of science. It proposes to abolish all universities, or to put them under a more severe surveillance.

The illustrious Reiske of Leipzig has left several valuable works upon the Arabians, and one in particular which he entitled "De rebus gestis Arabum ante Mahammedem." He has also left a copy of an Arabian MS. relating to the families of Arabia, of which he has made a Latin translation, and in his "Prodigamata ad Hadgji Califfae librum memorialem," published in 1747, he speaks of his having written a history of the Arabs, from Jesus Christ to the time of Mahomet.

Mr. Hartman and Mr. Heinrich, a professor at Bon, discovered this MS. in the library at Lubeck, in 1814; it is entitled, "Reiskii primae lineae regnorum Arabicorum et rerum ab Arabibus medio inter Christum et Muhammadem tempore gestarum." This MS. consists of 376 pages, 4to. and to it is annexed "Rudimenta historiae et chronologiae Muhammadem;" it will be published immediately; Mr. Hartman purposes to publish whatever he may discover of the writings of Reiske.

Three of the most enlightened and valuable works have just been suppressed at Vienna, by public authority; among them is the *Pannonia* of Count Albert Festelitz.

*Russia*.—Admiral de Krusenstern has been engaged for many years upon a set of charts of the South Sea, and which are now nearly finished. The set will contain thirty charts, and the publication will be at the expense of the Emperor of Russia.

An English firm has just obtained the exclusive privilege of lighting by gas throughout the Russian empire for ten years.

*Greece and Turkey*.—The following is a table of the population of Greece.

Morea	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	400,000
Northern or Middle Greece	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	250,000
Mitylene	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	20,000
Scio, before the massacre	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	110,000
Tino	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	15,000
Andro	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	12,000
Naxos	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	10,000
Paros	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	2,000
Nio	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	3,000
Milo	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	5,000
Santorini	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	12,000
Samos	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	20,000
Hydria	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	25,000
Spezzia	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	10,000
Crete	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	120,000
Smaller isles	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	10,000
Insurgents from other countries	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	150,000
Fugitives, &c.	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	100,000
Total								1,269,500

Thus these brave people do not amount to one-fourth of the number in the United States of America at the time of their resisting the oppression of the mother country, and yet, abandoned by the Christian part of Europe, they have for two years resisted the numerous and ferocious armies of Turkey, and have displayed a heroism worthy of their great name in ancient history.

*A new Act of Vandalism*.—The Porte has caused to be sold by weight all the valuable books in the fine library of Constantinople, and particularly that belonging to the Princes Mourouci, who have always been the most persecuted by this barbarous government on account of their great wealth, their patriotism, and their talents.

*Spain*.—The government, on the 5th January, gave its assent to a plan for establishing a regular stage communication between Madrid and Corunna, and a communication by steam-boats between Corunna and London. Sir John Doyle, the author of the plan, is now completing the details. Every thing, which increases the facility of intercourse between distant nations, tends to civilize mankind, and is a real benefit to the human race.

A learned Spaniard, Don Xavier de Burgos, purposes to publish a Spanish translation of the *Biographie Universelle*, with corrections and additions.

*Portugal*.—The Cortes have voted a medal, valued at 50,000 reis, for the author of the best commercial code.

*Italy*.—The workmen employed in working the marble quarry, discovered near Florence, proceed with activity. They have opened a way leading to Mount Altissimo, near Searezza. The first blocks were sent to Paris; the

others are reserved for Florence and Rome. These excavations will provide for Tuscany an important branch of industry and commerce.

Regulations have been published, at Turin, for the government of the Universities of Turin and Genoa. They consist of sixty-five articles, and prohibit the students taking their meals in the coffee-houses and taverns, and establish houses for those who have no relations in the city. The students must return to the University before sunset, and they are not allowed to appear at balls, billiard tables, and rarely at the play. They are compelled to appear at divine service, at confession, and to take the sacrament at stated periods. Four priests are appointed inspectors of their religious and moral conduct. Regulations for schools have also been published, consisting of 250 articles.

*France*.—Mons. Mignet, who, in conjunction with M. Beugnot, jun. gained the prize given last year by the *Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres*, for the best discourse upon the Institution of St. Louis, is now engaged in tracing the progress and vicissitudes of the reformation in the different states of Europe. Mons. Mignet considers this great event as the first effort of the moderns to acquire liberty. The power of the Pope was a dreadful tyranny which, during the middle ages, suppressed the progress of civilization. The insurrection or resistance of intellect, which preceded the great political revolution, began with Arnaud de Brescia, the chief of the Vaudois; and was continued by the Albigensis, amongst whom it broke out so prematurely that the Pope was enabled to suppress it. The reformation of Luther, on the contrary, broke out at a more favourable period, and, being in Germany, so far from the vicinage of papal coercion, it had a greater chance of success. From France and Germany M. Mignet carries his views to England, where the reformation assumed a political character under Henry the Eighth, but suffered its vicissitudes of fortune under Mary and his other successors. M. Mignet's analysis of the subject is clear, methodical, and his language is precise. The basis of his work is, that the reformation was a moral insurrection, or an emancipation of the human intellect from the most objectionable of all the modes of faith.

M. Regnaud, a physician at Grenoble, has invented an instrument by which the operation of lithotomy can be performed in two minutes. Several experiments have confirmed the fact.

M. Bonfiglio Rossignol, who has visited the same countries as M. Caillaud, is returned to France. After the publication of his travels, which is now in progress, he will go to Tripoli, whence he intends to traverse the desert and penetrate as far as the Niger.

*Hieroglyphics*.—A very important and unexpected discovery has been made of an Hieroglyphic Alphabet, by M. Champollion, jun. His MSS. were laid before the Academy of Inscriptions. By means of this alphabet the scholar is enabled to decipher the names of Alexander the Great, Ptolemy, Cleopatra, Berenice, &c. on the temples of Philæ, Ombos, Dendera, Esne, &c.; he has also read the titles, names and surnames of Tiberius, Nerva, Trajan, Domitian, Adrian, Antoninus, Sabinus, &c. on the Egyptian temples. M. Champollion has spent ten years of incessant labour in this pursuit, but he is now returned with an ample recompense.

At the beginning of last November, some workmen, in demolishing an old wall to build a bakehouse in the village of Mont, found a great quantity of money in silver and base money of the sixteenth century, in the reign of Charles IX. and Henry III. kings of France; of Gregory XIII. and Sixtus V. popes.—The most recent bears the date of 1588.

*Heat from Friction of a Solid and Fluid*.—It may be remarked that the rapid rotation of the little mills which complete the attenuation of the liquid mixture for paper before it passes to the tub, produces in it a very sensible heat not at all due to the elevation of the temperature of the wheel itself by the friction of its axis, for it cannot be perceived by touching that part, but attributable to the blow of the fans of the wheel on the mixture, which they strike with much rapidity and violence. This is the first instance known to us of heat produced by friction of a solid against a liquid. M. Pictet.—*Bib. Univ.* xxi. 154.

M. Keratry has just published an *Examen Philosophique des Considerations sur le Sentiment du Sublime et du Beau* of Emanuel Kant, as a continuation of his work *Du Beau dans les Arts d'Imitation*.

M. Robelot, Canon of Dijon, has written a work on the influence of the Refor-



mation effected by Luther. This work is intended as a refutation of the Essay of M. de Villers, which gained the prize proposed twenty years ago by the French Institute, for the best answer to the question, "What has been the influence of the Reformation of Luther on the political Situation of the several States of Europe, and on the Progress of Knowledge?" M. Robelet attributes nothing but evil to the influence of the Reformation.

A bookseller of Genoa has announced for publication a quarto volume of inedited documents, relative to Columbus, published by command of the magistrates of Genoa.

A novel, called "Oriele, or Letters of two Lovers," has been published at Pavia. It is intermingled with literary, political, and philosophical observations; and views of the state of manners, &c. in Switzerland, Italy, France, North America, &c.

A work, under the title of the Court of Holland under Louis Buonaparte, is announced as in the press. It is reported to be extremely curious. Some valuable inedited original Memoirs, relative to the affairs of the Netherlands, are going to be published. They commence in 1443, and finish in 1468; and will make four volumes 8vo. The author was Jacque De Clercq, who was in the service of Philip, Duke of Burgundy.

*Electricity of a Cat.*—The electricity excited upon rubbing the back of a cat is well known, and that it is rendered evident by snapping noise and sparks of light. Mr. Glover, in a letter to the editor of the Philosophical Magazine, describes so intense an action of this kind, as to enable the animal to give a very sensible electrical shock. This effect was obtained at pleasure by Mr. Glover, and also by some friends. When the cat was sitting on the lap of the person, if the left hand were placed under the throat with the middle finger and the thumb gently pressing the bones of the animal's shoulder, and the right hand were passed along the back, shocks were felt in the left hand; and when the right hand was placed under the throat, whilst the left hand rubbed the back, the shocks were felt in the right hand. When the atmosphere has been favourable, and the cat had lain some time before the fire, the experiment always succeeded.—*Phil. Mag.* lx. 467.

Dr. Baron, of Gloucester, has undertaken to write the account of the life, and to arrange for publication the numerous manuscripts of the late Dr. Jenner; for which purpose all the documents in possession of the family will be committed to his care. From that gentleman, therefore, the public may expect an authentic work as speedily as his professional avocations will allow him to prepare for the press the ample and interesting materials with which he is to be furnished, together with those which he himself accumulated during a long and confidential intercourse with Dr. Jenner and many of his most intimate friends.

Mr. James, author of the Naval History of Great Britain, has in the press the Second Part of that work, which will contain a Plan of the Battle of Trafalgar, superior in accuracy to any yet given of that memorable action.

*Magnetism of Solar Rays.*—The Royal Academy of Sciences, at Lyons, have offered a prize of 300 francs, for an essay on the following subject. To show by decisive experiments if the violet ray of the solar spectrum possesses the virtue of communicating magnetism to the unmagnetized needle of steel; if this virtue belongs to it, to the exclusion of the other coloured rays—and, in short, if this species of communicated magnetism, attributed to the violet light, is real or illusory. It is stated, that Professor Configliachi, found magnetism was communicated by every other ray of light.—*Mémoires* to be sent to MM. Mollet and Dumas, before July, 1823.

*Auswahl aus Klopstock's Nachlass.* *Selections from the unpublished Works of Klopstock.* Leipzig.—The interest attached to the productions of a great poet is certain to ensure a splendid reception, and a profitable sale, to his letters and posthumous works. The collection we now announce possesses in particular the merit of explaining to the reader many passages in the works of Klopstock, to which it may serve as a sort of commentary. The letters of Richardson and Young, add still more to the magic name of Klopstock, in the opinion of the amateurs of German literature. One thing particularly excites attention: the author of the *Messiah* himself published some pieces left by Margaret Klopstock; the noble mind and talent of this extraordinary woman had enchanted all readers; the publication

of additional letters was announced. This promise to the public was not fulfilled till now. This collection contains the letters of Margaret Klopstock, written not only to the illustrious German poet, but also to several other persons, and amongst others to Richardson.

Signor Pistrucci, the *Improvisatore*, or Impromptu Poet, whose talent has raised so much wonder in Paris, is become a subject of conversation in the polite circles of our metropolis. This most ingenious Roman is a man of learning and general knowledge, who composes and recites verses in any rhyme or stanza *extempore*, upon whatever subject may, at the moment, be proposed; and he does not limit himself to a few verses, but goes to the length of many stanzas of eight lines, not only without a pause, but without a single hesitation.

The Octavo Volume entitled *Dissertations Introductory to the Study and Right Understanding of the Language, Structure, and Contents of the Apocalypse*, by Alex. Tilloch, LL. D. will soon be published.

The long-promised English Flora of Sir James Edward Smith, President of the Linnean Society, is now printing.

*Greek Literature*.—Mr. John Mitchell, Purser, R.N. Teacher of Languages, has ready for the press, a Grammatical Parallel of the Classic and Modern Greek Languages, evincing their close affinity.

Dr. Irving has in the press a new and enlarged edition of his *Observations on the Study of the Civil Law*.

Mr. Henry Phillips, H. S. author of the *History of Fruits known in Great Britain, cultivated Vegetables, &c. &c.* is engaged upon *Sylva Florifera* the Shrubbery; containing a Historical and Botanical Account of the Flowering Shrubs and Trees which now ornament the shrubbery, the park, and rural scenes in general.

*On the Ascent of Clouds in the Atmosphere*, by M. Fresnel.—Among the causes which most effectually contribute to the ascent of clouds in the atmosphere, there is one to which little attention has been given, but without which it appears impossible to give a satisfactory explanation of the phenomenon. It is independent of the constitution of the globules of water, or vesicular vapour composing the cloud; and is equally applicable to one formed of an assemblage of delicate crystals, such as may actually exist in the high regions of the atmosphere.

Air, as well as other colourless gases, permits the solar rays to pass without being heated by them; and to heat them, the contact of a solid or liquid body, heated by the same ray, is required. Consider, then, the case of a cloud formed of minute globules of water, or very fine crystals of snow: from the extreme division of the water, a very multiplied contact with the air is obtained, and the water being susceptible of an increase of temperature from the solar and terrestrial rays, the air within the cloud, and near to its surface, will become more dilated than the neighbouring air, and consequently lighter. It equally results from the hypothesis, on the extreme division of the matter of the cloud, that the particles which compose it may be very near each other, so as to leave but small intervals, and nevertheless be very much smaller than the intervals; so that the whole weight of the water in the cloud should be but a small fraction of the weight of the air containing it, and so small, that the difference between the density of the air in the cloud and the neighbouring air should more than compensate it. When the weight of the water and air containing it is less than that of an equal bulk of the surrounding air, it will ascend until it arrives at a region where these two weights are equal; and this height will depend on the fineness of the particles of the cloud, and the intervals which separate them.

The hot and dilated air contained in those intervals not being hermetically retained, will gradually escape; but this renewal of the internal air must take place very slowly, so that the temperature of the cloud will always be above that of the neighbouring air, and this ascending current of air, by the mere friction of its parts against the particles of the cloud, will tend to raise it, and that with the more energy as it is more rapid.

During the night the cloud is deprived of the solar rays, and its temperature should diminish, but it will still receive warm rays from the earth; and if it is very thick, or of great depth, its temperature can diminish only slowly. Experience proves directly, that clouds during the night are warmer than the air surrounding them, inasmuch as they send us more calorific rays. Supposing even

that the difference of temperature was much less by night than by day, still the clouds should descend with extreme slowness after sunset, because of their immense extent of surface, relative to their weight: it is a cause which, without referring to their elevation, must contribute powerfully to their suspension, and the rise of the sun would again elevate them to their former altitude, if winds or other atmospheric phenomena have not changed the conditions of equilibrium. Such an effect may be produced by an augmentation or diminution of the particles of the cloud, or the intervals between them; and the changes in the temperature of the surrounding air, alter the conditions of equilibrium, and consequently the height to which the cloud may rise. There are without doubt, also, other causes which contribute to the elevation and suspension of clouds, as the ascending currents spoken of by M. Gay Lussac (vol. xiv. p. 446). I do not purpose to consider all the causes, but merely to indicate that which appears to me the most important.—*Bib. Univ.* xxi. 255.

*Metropolitan Literary Institution.*—A numerous and respectable meeting, at which the Chamberlain of London presided, has been held at the York Hotel, Bridge-street, for the purpose of taking into consideration the expediency of establishing this institution. A committee is formed, and the objects of the institution are at present limited to the establishment of a news-room, a reading-room, a library of circulation, and a library of reference. This institution has received the most flattering encouragement from gentlemen attached to literature, as well as those engaged in various professions. Within four days after its establishment considerably more than one hundred shares were taken.

A Committee for the purpose of aiding the Greeks has been formed in the metropolis, whose object is to give action and effect to the sympathy which is so widely diffused over the country. The meetings are held at the Crown and Anchor in the Strand; many Peers and Members of Parliament are included in the Committee, and Mr. Bowring is the Hon. Secretary.

[The following notice is copied from the European Magazine. There appears to be a regularly organized system by which notice is given as soon as an invasion of property is attempted.]

*Society for the Protection of Trade.*—The Secretary to the Society of Guardians for the Protection of Trade by circulars has informed the members thereof, that a good looking young man, about nineteen years of age, 5 feet 6 inches high, dressed in an olive coloured surtout, with a circular collar, and calling himself

Robert M'Relley, of 29, Brunswick-square, lately offered a member of this Society a cheque drawn on Messrs. Glynn and Co. bankers, London, and signed for Peter M'Relley, Robert M'Relley, payment of which, on its being presented, was refused, the drawer not being known to them. That a bill for £50, entitled General Bank, Berwick-upon-Tweed, drawn by Beare and Co. on and accepted by John Beare, 82, Lombard-street, and indorsed Chas. Pound. And also a bill, dated "London," drawn by Chas. Pound, on and accepted by John Beare, 9, Cornhill, have been recently offered to a tradesman for work done for the said John Beare. That a person undernamed, viz.

—Ledsham, Jun. lately obtained change out of a cheque, appearing to be drawn by Thomas Barnard, on Sir John Lubbock and Co., by whom on the same being presented, it is found that no such person is known. That a bill for £200, dated Brighton, drawn by Thomas Dudley and Co. on Robert Collins and Co. Denmark-house, Regent-street, has been recently offered to members of this Society—and also, that Mrs. Foss alias Force, late of Amton-street, Gray's-inn road, and of 12, Suter's-buildings, Chapel-street, Somers town, and now of 13, Brewers-street, Somer's town.

J. Avann and Co. General Factors, 11, Little Carter-lane, St. Paul's; Rich. Bulpin, late of Leighton Buzzard, Bedfordshire, but since stating, that he has taken a shop at Edmonton, are reported to the Society as improper to be proposed to be balloted for as members thereof.

*Polly Peachum.*—The cause I was never acquainted with, but I am informed that the Duchess of Bolton, who originally played the character of *Polly Peachum*, in the "Beggars Opera," became after her elevation so obnoxious to the lower orders near where she resided, that the populace were with difficulty prevented from dragging her out of her coffin.

The incessant labours of experimental philosophers continue almost daily to develop some new fact or principle relating to magnetism, that very mysterious accident of certain bodies, which so long had defied experimental ingenuity to ascertain its principles. Professor Oersted has lately ascertained, by a decisive experiment, that a round galvanic conductor of the electric fluid is in every portion of its surface equally fitted to act on the magnetic needle; and that this action is not greater at the extremities, or at any other points of the conductor, analogous to poles, as some have supposed. Mr. J. H. Abraham has also discovered, that the poles of a magnetised steel bar are not necessarily situated at its extremities; but, by a particular mode of *touching*, (which he has laid before the Royal Society,) he has been able to produce bars, both of whose ends have similar poles, whilst the middle of these bars exhibit the opposite polarity. *The same gentleman has also verified the fine discovery of Mr. Barlow, as to magnetism affecting or residing only in the superficial parts of masses of iron or steel; and has experimentally proved, that magnetised flat bars, one-tenth of an inch thick, are equally powerful, with bars of considerably larger dimensions and weight, under the same extent of surface.*

The clergy of Rome consist of nineteen cardinals, twenty-seven bishops, 1,450 priests, 1,532 monks, 1,464 nuns, and 332 seminarists. The population of Rome, with the exception of the Jews, consisted, in 1821, of 146,000 souls.

The Royal Library in Paris contained, in 1791, only 150,000 volumes; it now contains above 450,000. In 1783 it contained only 2700 portfolios of engravings; it now contains 5700. Its annual increase consists of 6000 French and 3000 foreign works; so that there is reason to believe that, in fifty years, the literary and scientific riches of this magnificent establishment will be doubled.

A Memoir has lately been published at Paris, by M. de Marbois, one of the Royal Institute of France for the amelioration of Prisons, by which it appears that the gaols of France are in a very deplorable condition. Their average occupation during the last three years has been between 31,000 and 32,000. M. de Marbois complains of the smallness and dampness of the cells, of the practice of chaining the prisoners, of the bad quality of the food, of the insufficiency of the clothing, of the introduction in many places of straw for beds, and of the absence in all of moral and religious instruction. He describes the prisoners to be generally in a state of the most savage ignorance and barbarism. M. Marbois recommends the introduction, into the French houses of correction, of the English tread-wheel.

As a protection against moisture in apartments, an invention has been tried and found successful, of applying to the walls or parts exposed, thin sheets of laminated lead, fastened with little copper nails which are not liable to rust. They are as thin as those made use for lining the inside of snuff-boxes, and can be made as long and broad as paper-hangings.

It appears, from the Annual Report of the Sunday School Society, that in London there are 362 schools, containing 55,398 scholars, and superintended by 4,908 teachers, male and female, who officiate gratuitously; and that in Great Britain and Ireland there at least 700,000 young persons that receive instruction in about 6000 schools, from more than 50,000 teachers, male and female, whose labours are gratuitous.

The Greek seminary founded at Petersburg by Catharine II. in 1775, contains now about 200 young Greek and Albanese officers, and 25 professors. Not only the military sciences, but the French, Italian, and German, languages are taught. On the completion of their studies, each pupil may have an officer's commission, or the place of interpreter in the colleges of Petersburg and Moscow, or the option of returning to his country. Of these young persons in the seminary, many are from Chio, Lesbos, and Naxos.

Professor Nevi has been employed by the Emperor of Russia to make researches in the steppes of Independent Tartary, and to examine the course of the Oxus, and the towns of Balk and Samarcand. The expedition, it is supposed, will extend as far as the Lake Saisan.

Extract of a Letter from Capt. W. Scoresby.—“In my last voyage to the whale fishery, from which I am but just returned, I had occasion to penetrate into the ice on the eastern coast of Greenland, and to approach very near the shore. The

navigation was very difficult in some places, and even dangerous; but, coming close in with the land, the sea was almost entirely free and unincumbered. This coast had never been seen before, unless it was by Hudson, in 1607. The land we lay nearest to was in  $71^{\circ}$  N. lat. and  $19^{\circ}42'$  W. long. It consists of mountains resembling those of Spitzberg, but not so covered with snow. The navigation was pretty plain and open, between the coast of Greenland and the fields of ice, ranging here in an almost uninterrupted chain; this unembarrassed track or course reached from latitude  $74$  to  $70$ . From the apparent state of the atmosphere, and the general disposition of the fields of ice, I might have stretched along the coast as far as to Cape Farewell. There I might have gained some information respecting the Iceland Colony; of which we possess at present a very slender knowledge. It is remarkable, that the Danes, in their attempts to visit this coast, have hitherto been very unsuccessful. With the views and feelings that then arose, it was with no small regret that I found myself obliged, by the business of the fishery, to quit that interesting region. The occasion seemed favourable, and the circumstances easy, practicable, and certain, to effect the purposes of further research and discovery. Various authors have collected historical facts, tending to prove the existence of European as well as Iceland colonies on the coast of Greenland, in 1402. No particular account can at this time be given, nor can any conclusions be drawn, relative to their fate or condition, from any previous circumstances with which we are acquainted."

The dread of swallowing oxalic acid by mistake for salts is become so general, that the consumption of senna and castor oil, as substitutes, has been nearly doubled within the last twelve months.

Dr. Meyrick's Treatise on Ancient Armour, a book calculated greatly to facilitate a right understanding of the early historians, and to throw much light on the manners of our ancestors, is expected to appear in the course of next month. The chronological arrangement of the whole, the illuminated capitals illustrative of the subject, and the more picturesque representations of the armour of different periods, will render this publication unlike any that has preceded it.

Rev. Dr. Rudge's Lectures on Genesis are nearly ready for publication.

A London Society, for Mitigating and gradually Abolishing the State of Slavery throughout the British Dominions, has been established. The individuals composing the society are deeply impressed with the magnitude and number of the evils attached to the system of slavery which prevails in many of the colonies of Great Britain; a system which appears to them to be opposed to the spirit and precepts of Christianity, as well as repugnant to every dictate of natural humanity and justice; and they long indulged a hope, that the abolition of the slave trade, after a struggle of twenty years, would have tended rapidly to the mitigation and gradual extinction of negro bondage in the British colonies: but that in this hope they have been painfully disappointed; and, after a lapse of sixteen years, they have still to deplore the almost undiminished prevalence of the very evils which it was one great object of the abolition to remedy. Under these circumstances, they feel themselves called upon, by their duty as Christians, and their best sympathies as men, to exert themselves, in their separate and collective capacities, in endeavouring, by all prudent and lawful means, to mitigate, and eventually to abolish, *slavery itself as existing in our colonial possessions.*

Memoirs of the late amiable poet and miscellaneous writer, HATLEY, written by himself during his long retirement from public observation, are preparing for the press, under the superintendence of the Rev. Dr. Johnson.

A Philosophical Society has been formed at York, more especially for the cultivation of Geology.

A very able paper has been circulated by Mr. Abernethy on the difficulty of procuring, by legal means, subjects for dissection. A surgeon can no more perform a difficult operation in surgery without attentive and persevering dissection, than a man can expect to read who has not learnt the alphabet. The only question is, where are the subjects to come from?

A new botanical work is commenced, called the *Naturalist's Repository*, or *Monthly Miscellany of Exotic Natural History*, consisting of elegantly coloured plates, with appropriate scientific and general descriptions of the most curious,



scarce, and beautiful, productions of nature, that have been recently discovered in various parts of the world; by E. Donovan, F. L. S.

Shortly will appear, in imperial octavo, with twenty plates by Heath, the *Life of a Soldier*.

In April will be published, in three volumes, under the title of *Nature Displayed*, one hundred lectures on the most striking objects in the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, and on celestial and terrestrial phenomena in general, by Simeon Shaw, LL.D.

The same *Young Officer*, whose "Sketches of India" were so favourably received by the public, has nearly ready for publication, in an octavo volume, *Recollections of the Peninsula*, containing remarks on the manners and character of the Spanish nation.

The author of "The Lollards," "Calthorpe," &c. has a new romance ready for publication, in three volumes, entitled, *Other Times, or the Monks of Leaden-hall*.

Mr. Sharon Turner's valuable *History of the Anglo-Saxons* is under revision, and the fourth edition will be published shortly.

We have much pleasure in recommending to our readers, *Cottage Biography*, by Mrs. Leadbeater, a correspondent of Edmund Burke, and already advantageously known by her *Cottage Dialogues*. It is a collection of lives of some of the Irish peasantry, known to her personally; and, whose humble adventures and peculiarities, she details with that interest and feeling for which the Society of Friends are distinguished. Her object is to give a more just idea of a class of people, "whose faults are much, whose virtues are little known;" and for whom the people of England, much as they have lately done, would do still more, had they any opportunity of estimating their better qualities. These, unhappily, die on the spot which gave them birth, while their criminal excesses are blazoned to the world. We hail the present attempt to set them right with their neighbours, as a work both of justice and philanthropy. It is of infinite advantage to all divisions of the kingdom, that each should know the other thoroughly. The ignorance respecting Ireland is very great; of all descriptions of Irish society, still greater; and, that of the lower classes, greatest of all. The instances of the ruder virtues among them, of attachment, generosity, fidelity, and devotion, both to their superiors and to each other, would astonish the English visiter, though too common to excite peculiar notice among themselves. But their minds being wholly undisciplined, and destitute of the lights of education and moral information, the same ardour that prompts them to a great effort of good, may, when improperly directed, produce the extreme of evil.

Many of our readers must be familiar with Dr. Amory's celebrated work, the *Adventures of John Buncle*, a production full of thought, learning, and singularity. The long disquisitions into which the doctor has compelled his hero to enter upon a variety of the most knotty points, have terrified many readers from the perusal of Buncle; and it is to suit the taste of such persons, that a little volume has just been published, entitled, *The Spirit of Buncle*, in which the entertaining part of his adventures alone is extracted. The editor has thus rendered a considerable service to the mere novel reader, and to those who are in search of amusement only, which they may be assured they will find in the pages of this abridgment; but, for our own parts, we value Buncle's speculations too highly to part willingly with any portion of them. The distinctive character of the work, its Unitarian tendency, from which it has sometimes been called an *Unitarian Romance*, is entirely lost in the present volume; in which, perhaps, a little of the singular disquisition with which the original abounds, might have been inserted without, in any degree, wearying the reader.

One of the most amusing books which has for some time fallen under our notice, has been lately published under the title of *High-Ways and By-Ways, or Tales of the Road side, picked up in the French Provinces by a Walking Gentleman*. It professes to be written by a friend of Washington Irving, the well known author of "The Sketch Book," to whom it is dedicated. Though this work cannot be compared to the writings of that gentleman, in harmony of style, and in masterly delineations of nature, yet it possesses merit abundantly sufficient to

entitle it to high commendation. The introductory chapter, on the advantages possessed by a walking tourist, is particularly spirited and amusing; and, we doubt not, will induce many to make an experiment of that independent and delightful mode of travelling. This work principally consists of four tales, which are introduced by a detail of the manner in which they came into the author's hands. This introduction always possesses great novelty and interest. The second tale, "The Exile of the Landes," is interwoven with his own adventures; and is thus rendered, in our opinion, much the most interesting.

Mr. William Daniel will publish, in the course of the present season, the seventh volume of his *Picturesque Voyage round Great Britain*. It will comprise the range of coast from the Nore to Weymouth; and in the eighth volume, which will be the last, the Voyage will be prosecuted to the Land's End, where, in the year 1813, this arduous undertaking was commenced.

Sir Everard Home, Bart. will shortly publish a third volume of *Lectures on Comparative Anatomy*.

Mr. J. H. Wiffen has in the press, a Translation in English Verse of the Works of Garcilasso de la Vega, surnamed the "Prince of Castilian Poets," with a critical and historical Essay on the rise, progress, decay, and revival, of Spanish Poetry, and a life and portrait of the author.

Mr. Lewis, late of Coventry, is preparing a *History of Political Martyrs in the cause of Parliamentary Reform*.

A gentleman, long known to the literary world, is engaged on the lives of Corregio and Parmegiano.

A Treatise on Mental Derangement, being the substance of the Gulstonian Lectures delivered in the Royal College of Physicians, in May 1822, by Francis Willis, M. D. is in the press.

Architectural Illustrations of the Public Buildings of London, are preparing for publication. No. I. of this work will appear on the 1st of April, and will contain seven engravings of St. Paul's Cathedral, the new entrance to the House of Lords, the Temple Church, and the Custom House, with two sheets of letter-press.

Illustrations, Graphic and Literary, of Fonthill Abbey, by Mr. Britton, is announced for publication early in April, and will contain twelve engravings.

Dr Carey has in the press, the *Comedies of Plautus*, in continuation of "the Regent's Pocket Classics."

Shortly will be published, *Memoirs and Select Remains of Miss Mary Shenston*, who died July 2d, 1822, in her 18th year, by her brother and sister.

Speedily will be published, an *Historical Essay upon the Art of Painting on Glass*, from its earliest introduction into England by Cimabue to the present day.

The *Christian Philosopher*, or the *Connexion of Science with Religion*, is preparing for the press, by T. Dick.

In the press, and speedily will be published, the entire Works of Demosthenes and Aeschines; with the Greek Text selected from the different editions which have been published of the whole or part of their Works; a Latin Interpretation; the Greek Scholia; the Notes of various Commentators digested, and put under the Text; the various Readings collated; and copious Indices.

The Rev. Dr. Rudge's Lectures on the leading Characters and most important Events recorded in the Book of Genesis, in two volumes, 8vo. will soon appear.

Mr. Gurney is preparing for publication a series of Lectures on the Elements of Chemical Science, lately delivered at the Surry Institution.

The Lives and Memoirs of the Bishops of Salisbury, from the year 705 to the present time, by the Rev. S. H. Cassan, are preparing for publication.

The Rev. T. W. Fosbroke has made considerable progress in his *Encyclopædia of Antiquities, and Elements of Archæology*, now publishing in monthly numbers. It is the first work of the kind ever edited in England.

Mr. James Boaden is preparing for publication, a Life of the late John Philip Kemble, Esq. including a History of the Stage, from the death of Garrick to the present time.

Mrs. Holderness has in the press, a volume, entitled, *New Russia*; being some Account of the Colonization of that Country, and of the Manners and Customs of the Colonists.

Horæ Romanæ, or an Attempt to elucidate St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans by an Original Translation, Explanatory Notes, and New Divisions, by Clericus—will speedily be published.

Mr. J. C. Buckler is publishing in monthly numbers, *Views of the Cathedral Churches of England and Wales, with Descriptions.*

Mr. Bowditch has made arrangements for the speedy publication of a sketch of the Portuguese establishments in Congo, Angola, and Benguela, with some account of the modern discoveries of the Portuguese in the interior of Angola and Mozambique, with a map of the coast and interior.

Miss Aikin is preparing for publication a *Memoir of her Father*, the late John Aikin, M.D.; together with a selection of such of his critical essays and miscellaneous papers as have not hitherto appeared in a collective form. Improved editions of several of the most popular of Dr. Aikin's works are also preparing under the care of his family.

A translation, by J. S. Forsyth, of *Preceis Elementaire de Physiologie*, Tome Second, par F. Magendie, will soon be published: into which will be introduced many interesting notes extracted from the *Physiological Journal* and other works by the same author, elucidating the facts contained in the elementary treatise. This volume, together with that already published, will form a complete elementary work on this important branch of medical science.

Mr. Oliver, surgeon, has in the press, and will publish in April, *Popular Observations upon Muscular Contraction*, with his mode of treatment of diseases of the limbs associated therewith. He proposes also to illustrate his system of the application in particular cases of mechanical apparatus by graphical delineations, more particularly when the knee, elbow and ankle joints are affected.

*Points of Humour*,\* illustrated in a Series of Plates, drawn and engraved by G. Cruikshank, is in the press.

A reprint of Southwell's *Mary Magdalen's Funeral Tears for the Death of our Saviour*, in royal 16mo. with a Portrait, will shortly be published.

Mr. Faraday has succeeded in condensing chlorine into a liquid: for this purpose a portion of the solid and dried hydrate of chlorine is put into a small bent tube and hermetically sealed; it is then heated to about 100, and a yellow vapour is formed which condenses into a deep yellow liquid heavier than water (sp. gr. probably about 1.3). Upon relieving the pressure by breaking the tube, the condensed chlorine instantly assumes its usual state of gas or vapour.

When perfectly dry chlorine is condensed into a tube by means of a syringe, a portion of it assumes the liquid form under a pressure equal to that of four or five atmospheres.

By putting some muriate of ammonia and sulphuric acid into the opposite ends of a bent glass tube, sealing it hermetically, and then suffering the acid to run upon the salt, muriatic acid is generated under such pressure as causes it to assume the liquid form; it is of an orange colour, lighter than sulphuric acid, and instantly assumes the gaseous state when the pressure is removed. Sir H. Davy has given an account of this experiment to the Royal Society. It is probable that by a similar mode of treatment several other gases may be liquefied.

By pursuing the same mode of experimenting, sulphuretted hydrogen, sulphurous acid, carbonic acid, cyanogen, euchlorine, and nitrous oxide, have been also found to assume the liquid form under pressure, and to appear as limpid and highly mobile fluids. It is probable that other gases may be condensed by similar means, and that nitrogen, oxygen, and even hydrogen itself may yield, provided sufficient pressure can be commanded. Some of Mr. Perkins's experiments render it more than probable that atmospheric air under a pressure of some hundred atmospheres changes its form; and it is not unlikely, that some very curious and interesting results may be obtained by the aid of a slight modification of the apparatus used by that gentleman in his researches connected with high pressure steam.

*Perkins's New Steam Engine.*—Mr. Perkins's new invention is distinguished by the subversion of established theories, the vast reduction of expense in the article of fuel anticipated, and the extremely high pressure at which the engine is proposed to be worked with perfect safety; but he has realized all that he promised, and has, by experiment, demonstrated, that the engine will perform with the advantages which he anticipated. The generator, in place of a boiler, and contain-

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\* In some of the catalogues called *Points of Honour*. We cannot ascertain which is correct.

ing about eight gallons, is a cylindrical vessel made of gun-metal, about three inches thick, and closed at both sides: it is placed upright in the middle of a cylindrical furnace, and filled with water. This water is subjected to a very great pressure, and, under those circumstances, is heated by the surrounding fire to a very high temperature. A valve is introduced in the top of the generator, and loaded with a weight equal to the pressure within. An injecting-pump is now employed to force a small quantity of water into the generator, which displaces a corresponding quantity of heated water from the generator; this passes into the induction-pipe, and instantly becomes steam, exerting a very great expansive force, which, acting upon the working-piston within the cylinder of two inches diameter, placed horizontally, causes it to perform its stroke of twelve inches. The reciprocating motion of the piston works a rotatory valve, which alternately opens and shuts the induction and eduction passages, by which, as in other engines, the steam, after exerting its force upon the piston, escapes to the condenser, but with this peculiar circumstance attendant, viz. the condensation is effected under a pressure of seventy pounds upon the inch. The operation of generating and of condensing the steam is so instantaneous, that, when the engine is in full work, the piston performs about two hundred and fifty strokes per minute; and the motive force thus produced is, by means of the piston-rod, communicated to the crank and fly-wheel of the engine, and thence, as a moving power, to other machinery. The space occupied by the engine and all its appendages, does not exceed an area of six by eight feet, though its power is calculated at ten horses, and it is considered that no part of the apparatus would require enlargement (except the working cylinder) for an engine of fifty-horse power; the consumption of fuel is only about two bushels per day. The perfect safety from any disastrous consequences attendant upon an accidental explosion, have been fully proved, by bursting the apparatus several times in the presence of many persons. The circumstance of retaining the heated water in the generator, under a considerable pressure, and only allowing it to assume the form of steam after it has escaped from the generator, precludes the possibility of exploding that vessel; as the water, however much its temperature may be raised, is, while in the form of water, almost non-elastic; and the small quantity of steam generated from time to time in the induction-pipe, for the purpose of working the piston, could not, in the event of an explosion, then be attended with any extensive consequences; but, to prevent the possibility of any such accident, a copper bulb is introduced in a part of the steam-pipe, which is calculated to burst at one thousand pounds' pressure, while the engine is intended to work from five to seven hundred, and the whole is proved to sustain a force of two thousand pounds upon every square inch of its surface.

The consequence of working the engine at a pressure greater than it is calculated to sustain, would be, that the bulb must rend open, and the steam blow out through the fracture, which has been repeatedly done; and here a most singular effect is observable: instead of the steam, as it escapes, scalding, it is *only warm, not hot*,—a property attendant upon steam raised to a very high temperature, which is not generally known, and the theory of which is still less understood; some experiments, however, have been made, which tend greatly to explain the cause of this phenomenon.—*London Journal of Arts.*

*Life in Paris*; comprising the Rambles, Sprees, and Amours, of Dick Wild-fire, of Corinthian Celebrity, and his Bang-up Companions Squire Jenkins and Captain O'Shuffleton; with the whimsical Adventures of the Hailbet Family; including Sketches of a Variety of other eccentric Characters in the French Metropolis. By David Carey. Embellished with Twenty-one coloured Plates, representing Scenes from real Life, designed and engraved by Mr. George Cruikshank. Enriched also with Twenty-two Engravings on Wood, drawn by the same Artist, and executed by Mr. White. 8vo. 1l. 1s. Boards. Fairburn. 1822. —“Mr. Egan's *Life in London*, of which we spoke in our number for April last, has evidently given birth to this counter-part bantling; and all the observations which we made on his production will apply to the present, including the plates, which have great merit in expression and effect. The allegorical frontispiece, in particular, is a happy effort of Mr. Cruikshank's fancy in delineation, and equally well conveyed to the eye by his *burin*. We must repeat our remark, however, and perhaps give additional strength to it, that the delicate and fastidious reader will do well to leave this work unopened; for its scenes are often by no

means pure, and its humour is both broad and too much tinctured with *slang*: i. e. the language of St. Giles's transferred to the boxing-ring, the bagnio, and the bear-baiting.

"Still, we do not mean to deny that much insight into the manners of the French capital may be gained from this volume, the author being, as he asserts, personally well acquainted with that great metropolis: but then, besides that we are kept too much in English association, and of the kind intimated, we are in like manner nearly confined with regard to Parisian company to the *gens de jeu* and the *filles de joie*, and have no intercourse with high and respectable or learned and instructive society. Occasionally, however, as the English party visits the different institutions and *sights* of Paris, some acceptable particulars respecting those objects are interwoven with the prevailing detail of nonsense and profligacy. Among others, the account of the French drama and dramatic representations deserves notice, and the description of the *Hôtel des Invalides*, or Hospital for wounded Soldiers. A variety of poetical effusions are also interspersed, some of them translated from the French, and several of them displaying no mean proficiency in versifying.—Altogether, we should imagine that Mr. Carey has talents that might appear to advantage in a less equivocal shape than they assume in this volume."

Mr. Malthus has published a new work in one octavo volume, entitled "The Measure of Value, as determined by Theory and Experience, with Specific applications of this measure, to the Alteration in the Value of the Currency."

Kruitzner.—As Miss Harriet Lee's tale of this title is about to be republished by Mr. Henry, of New York, we copy the opinion of the British Critic, expressed in an article upon women.

"Since its republication it has been very generally read, and we think upon the whole justly admired. Miss Harriet Lee wants softness and flexibility of style, but her subject required those properties as little as possible, and the vigour of the whole performance makes ample amends for some occasional harshness."

*Sequel to an unfinished Manuscript of Henry Kirk White.* London, 1823. 12mo. pp. 142. Price 4s.—We have always considered the duties of a critic to be of the most serious nature. His judgment, if partial, must either injure the fame and property of a writer, or unjustifiably benefit them at the expense of the public; and, if his judgment be erroneous, he may injure society by the suppression of useful matter, or, on the other hand, by contributing to the diffusion of what is pernicious. We regret when these conscientious views of our functions compel us to pass severe and unqualified censure on works which, like that now before us, are published with the best intentions towards the community. This little volume, after a preface containing the pious fraud of asserting the quiet death-bed to be the necessary consequence of a religious life, proceeds to a support of revelation, by a collection of matter much of which is unfounded, much is questionable, and the remainder is either totally irrelevant to the point to be established, or, if true and applicable, is put by the author in a manner by no means superior to that in which it has been used by his numerous predecessors. We express our opinions thus strongly, from a conviction that the cause of Christianity has been seriously injured by the many impotent works, which weak, but well meaning, men have lately published in its defence. With those who are firm in their faith, a work like the present is useless; to those who are wavering or sceptical, its style would render it repulsive and ridiculous, whilst, to the reader of reflection, its badness of reasoning would make it an object of contempt. The great injury done by such works is amongst the half learned, who judge a cause to be weak from the weakness of its advocate; and the very extensive diffusion of infidelity through every rank of life may in a great measure be traced to three causes; that of attracting the public attention to infidel writings by the indictment of publishers; that of exciting sympathy for those publishers by sentences unreasonably severe, and, finally, by the want of discrimination and of reasoning faculty in by far the greater number of those who write in the defence of Christianity. The *Horæ Paulinæ* of Dr. Paley, or the Analogy of Bishop Butler, and works of similar depth of ingenuity, can be alone useful where publications like the present have so long ceased to be objects of respect even to the most illiterate.—*European Mag.*



### Biographical Notices.

The Rev. WILLIAM BINGLEY, F.L.S. author of "Animal Biography," and of several other ingenious works of natural history, was brought up in the law; but prospects of promotion led him to exchange this profession for that of the church. He devoted his leisure from his early years to the study of natural history, and was beginning to acquire a solid reputation at the time when he was cut off by a short illness. The Monthly Magazine was formerly indebted to him for many interesting articles of natural history, and particularly for the Monthly Reports, which were continued for several years, and dated "Christ Church," where the author at that time performed parochial duty. He died in Charlotte-street, Bloomsbury, aged 54.

JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE, Esq. long the chief tragedian of the British stage, was born at Prescott, in 1757. At the time of his birth, his father, Mr. Roger Kemble, was manager of a company of comedians, who had a regular routine of performances in Lancashire. When Kemble was only ten years old he played in his father's company, at Worcester, the part of the *Duke of York*, in the tragedy of *King Charles the First*. The early part of his education he received in the Roman Catholic seminary at Sedgley Park, Staffordshire. He was afterwards, in the year 1770, sent by his father to the University of Douay, in order that he might be qualified for one of the learned professions. At Douay he rendered himself remarkable by his recitations of Shakspeare; and on his return to England he made his appearance at Wolverhampton, in the character of *Theodosius* in the *Force of Love*, but without any extraordinary success. His second appearance was in *Bajazet*, in which he produced a stronger impression. At York he distinguished himself by recitations, and at Edinburgh by delivering an able lecture on sacred and profane oratory. It was, however, a Dublin audience which first appreciated his merits. In 1782 he appeared in that city in the character of *Hamlet*; and in 1783 came out in the same character at Drury-Lane Theatre. His reputation was immediately established; but it was not until the year 1788 that he became the monarch of the stage. In 1787 he married Mrs. Brereton, daughter of Mr. Hopkins, the prompter of Drury-Lane Theatre, of which, in the following year, he became the manager. With the exception of a short interval, he continued manager until 1801. During this period his conduct in his arduous situation was remarkable for firmness, diligence, integrity, and talent. His single energy accomplished a complete reform in the whole system of scenic dress and decoration. *Macbeth* no longer sported an English *general's* uniform; men of centuries ago no longer figured in the stiff court dresses of our own time; and

"Cato's full wig, flowered gown, and lackered chair,"

gave way to the crop, the toga, and couch. Nor were the improvements in the scenery less remarkable and important. The

consequence was an *ensemble*, such as had never before been seen in any modern theatre. At the close of the season of 1801 he devoted a year to travelling abroad, and on his return in 1803, he purchased a sixth share of Covent Garden Theatre, became manager, and appeared for the first time on those boards, in his favourite character of *Hamlet*, on the 24th of September. Here he continued his career with eminent success, both as a manager and a performer, until 1808, when the tremendous fire broke out which destroyed the theatre. The raising of the present noble edifice, the O. P. riot of 1809, Kemble's taking leave of the Edinburgh audience in the part of *Macbeth*, in March, 1817; his final retirement from the stage on the 23d of June, in the same year; and the magnificent public dinner, and other honours bestowed on him in commemoration of that event; were events which closed his public career. He combined, in an eminent degree, the physical and mental requisites for the highest rank in his profession. To a noble form and classical and expressive countenance, he added the advantages of a sound judgment, indefatigable industry, and an ardent love and decided genius for the art of which he was so distinguished an ornament. He possessed, besides, what we have always regarded as an essential characteristic of a first-rate tragic actor, an air of intellectual superiority and a peculiarity of manner and appearance, which impressed the spectator at the first glance with the conviction that he was not of the race of common men. His voice was defective in the under tones necessary for soliloquies; but in declamation it was strong and efficient, and, in tones of melancholy, indescribably touching. No music was ever heard which could better revive the tale of past times. It was one of the most exquisite beauties of his performances, that one passage frequently recalled to the mind "a whole history." His groupings, his processions, all his arrangements, while they were in the highest degree conducive to theatrical effect, were yet so chaste and free from glare and undue pompousness, that they appeared rather historical than dramatic, and might have been safely thrown upon the canvass by the painter, almost without alteration. As an author, Mr. Kemble produced little that is likely to add materially to his fame, but what he has written, contains satisfactory evidence of his learning and good taste. He died at Lausanne, from apoplectic seizure, in the 66th year of his age.

Dr. EDWARD JENNER, the discoverer of vaccination. If any man ever existed who possessed an original, and, we might almost add, an intuitive claim to the pretensions of a natural Historian and Physiologist, Dr. Jenner was that claimant. Nature had given him great genius, vast sagacity, much inclination, and great ardour in the prosecution of the subjects of Natural History, Physiology, and Pathology. His researches were consistent and connected. At an early age he was destined to the study of one department of the medical profession, surgery. In the commencement of his studies, he was associated and connected with some late eminent characters, Dr. Parry of Bath, Dr. Hickes of Gloucester, and Dr. Ludlow of

Corsham, near Bath; but, besides these, he was honoured with the peculiar friendship and patronage of the late Mr. John Hunter, of whose name it is nearly superfluous to mention that it stands highest in the rolls of surgical and philosophic reputation. Mr. Hunter, well aware of the extraordinary talents of Dr. Jenner, then a pupil, offered to him patronage, connexion, and employment, in his professional and physiological pursuits. Dr. Jenner, however, preferred a residence at his native place, Berkeley; here he acquired not merely high local reputation, but, from the public observations and discoveries which he promulgated, great estimation in the superior ranks of philosophers and medical professors. After some less important communications to the Royal Society of London (of which he was early made a member) he imparted to them a complete Natural History of the Cuckoo, of which bird the laws and habits were previously unknown, and were involved in obscurity; the singular ingenuity of this paper, and the acute powers of observation which it developed in the observer, enhanced Dr. Jenner's reputation in the philosophic world. Dr. Jenner also communicated to his youthful friend and colleague, attached to him by congenial feeling and similarity of pursuit, the late highly-gifted Dr. Parry, of Bath, his discovery of the internal diseased structure of the heart, which produces the disease called Angina Pectoris, and which was before unknown and conjectural. Dr. Parry, in a treatise on the subject, not only most honourably recorded Dr. Jenner's original detection of the cause of the disease, but confirmed its accuracy by subsequent and ingenious investigation. After a long and arduous inquiry into the disease termed Cow Pox, which is a common complaint in cows in Gloucestershire and some other counties, and which, to those who receive it from the cows in milking, appears, from long existing tradition, to confer complete security from the Small Pox, either natural or inoculated, Dr. Jenner determined to put the fact to the test of experiment, and accordingly inoculated some young persons with the matter taken from the disease in the cows, in 1797. From the proof which these experiments afforded of the power of the Cow Pox Inoculation to protect the human being from the Small Pox contagion, Dr. Jenner was induced to bring this inestimable fact before the public in 1798. That this was promulgated with all the simplicity of a philanthropist, and with all the disinterestedness of the philosopher, every candid contemporary and observer will admit, and will unite in admiring his just pretensions to both characters. The first medical professors in the metropolis allowed, that, had Dr. Jenner kept his discovery in the disguise of empirical secrecy, he would have realized immense emoluments; but the pure and liberal feelings which the doctor possessed spurned and rejected such considerations; and his general remunerations, even including the sums voted by Parliament, were well known to his confidential friends to be moderate in the extreme.

The meekness, gentleness, and simplicity of his demeanour, formed a most striking contrast to the self-esteem which might

have arisen from the great and splendid consequences of his discovery. He was thankful and grateful for them in his heart; but to pride and vain-glory he seemed to be an utter stranger. On a recent interesting occasion, a short time before his death, the following were among the last words that he ever spoke to the writer of these lines. The nature of his services to his fellow-creatures had been the subject of conversation: "I do not marvel," he observed, "that men are not grateful to me, but I am surprised that they do not feel gratitude to God, for making me a medium of good." No one could see him without perceiving that this was the habitual frame of his mind. Without it, it never could have been that in his most retired moments, and in his intercourse with the great and exalted of the earth, he invariably exhibited the same uprightness of conduct, singleness of purpose, and unceasing earnestness to promote the welfare of his species, to the total exclusion of all selfish and personal considerations. These qualities particularly arrested the attention of the many distinguished foreigners who came to visit him; and they were not less the cause of satisfaction and delight to his most intimate friends. His condescension, his kindness, his willingness to listen to every tale of distress, and the open-handed munificence with which he administered to the wants and necessities of those around him, can never be forgotten by any who have been guided and consoled by his affectionate counsel, or cherished and relieved by his unbounded charity. His sympathy for suffering worth, or genius lost in obscurity, was ever alive; and no indication of talent or ingenuity, no effort of intellect, ever met his eye without gaining his notice, and calling forth, on numberless occasions, his substantial aid and assistance. He was not less generous in pouring forth the treasures of his mind. A long life, spent in the constant study of all the subjects of natural history, had stored it with great variety of knowledge.—Here the originality of his views, and the felicity and playfulness of his illustrations, and the acuteness of his remarks, imparted a character of genius to his commonest actions and conversations, which could not escape the most inattentive observer.

A national monument has been proposed in Parliament, to this distinguished benefactor of mankind, and a subscription has been begun in the county where he resided, for erecting a memorial of his name and virtues. How soon will these perish! while the long course of time during which unborn generations will pay him grateful homage—unborn generations of every language and climate—will only be terminated perhaps by the dissolution of all that exists of mankind. He died on the 26th of January, at his house in Berkeley, in his 74th year.

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It will be seen by an advertisement on the cover of this number, that Mr. Walsh is no longer connected with the Museum. It must hereafter depend for its success upon its merits. The materials for the work are abundant, and the present editor comes to his task with a resolution to spare no labour to make it acceptable to the public.